



EDUCATION OF A BIBLIOPHILE

Edwin H. Carpenter

Interviewed by Ruth Axe

Completed under the auspices
of the
Oral History Program
University of California
Los Angeles

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INTRODUCTION

Edwin H. Carpenter was born on August 21, 1915, in Burlington, Iowa, but he is really a Californian. In the late 1930s, when it was still something of a distinction to be a native of California, his mother told me that she believed her son would have chosen to be born in California but that she, a very staunch Bostonian, thought the proper natal place for a person with a sense of history was Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter headed east from California, and the son was born in the hometown of his father. In any case, the family returned in 1917 to Southern California, where Edwin Junior was reared and educated, in Sierra Madre and Los Angeles: Virgil Junior High School, Hollywood High School, Los Angeles Junior College, UCLA (BA with honors in two departments, history and English, with election to Phi Beta Kappa, 1937; MA in history, 1939; PhD in history, 1949), and USC (MSLS, 1950).

It was at UCLA that we met, in either 1936 or 1937. I had attended Venice High School and Santa Monica Junior College, and I became acquainted with Ed soon after I entered UCLA in 1935 as a history major. We were in at least one class together--probably in several, but I particularly remember the upper division course in Latin-American history taught by Joseph B. Lockey. Believe it or not, it

was almost universal practice to seat students alphabetically in those days. I was in the row behind and a seat or two to the left of Carpenter. Also, it happened that his cousin and a friend of mine, both of whom I knew at Venice High School as well as UCLA, were married about that time. Ed and I attended the wedding reception in the bride's sorority house on Hilgard Avenue. So we have been close friends for over forty years--fellow undergraduates until 1937 (BA degrees at the same commencement and perhaps inducted into Phi Beta Kappa together, although I do not remember who was at that meeting other than Gordon Watkins and Robert Gordon Sproul), graduate students in the history department from then until World War II sent us in different directions, and librarian colleagues since that time.

He completed his MA in 1939; mine was awarded in the winter of 1940. My PhD was completed before I went into the army; and his, as he relates in these interviews, was conferred in 1949 following his service in the army of the United States (1941-1946) in the North African, Mediterranean, and European Theaters. He rose to the exalted rank of master sergeant. I never left the States--the so-called American Theater, which was much safer--and never made it beyond staff sergeant. He was in the infantry, and I was in the medics. Perhaps if he had become Dr. Carpenter before he joined the army, he too would have been

assigned to the Medical Department; but if that had happened, these oral history interviews would have been quite different, and probably less interesting, because he has much to say about his GI adventures in Germany, Morocco, Italy, and France.

The interviews here recorded constitute a fascinating document. It opens with the story of his acquiring a Serra manuscript which he purchased to present to the Huntington Library (Session I, pp. 1-66) and includes comments about his personal collections (Session IV, pp. 159-215). The second recording session (pp. 67-131) deals primarily with his overseas adventures while in the army. Two important facets of the history of UCLA are documented, in the period when the university was training its first generation of PhD graduate students: the exciting history department seminars, specifically that of Professor Joseph B. Lockey (Session III, pp. 132-158); and the founding (by Edwin H. Carpenter, Jr.) and early days (1936-1941) of the UCLA Anthropological Society (Session V, pp. 216-231). The whole story is told in a relaxed and absorbing manner, not neatly compartmentalized by recording sessions I through V, nor is it told in strict chronological order, and there are asides as well as references to the same subject in different sessions. The interviews give us an important historical record as well as a personal acquaintance with a truly

remarkable person--a scholar, an observer of his times, a low-key bon vivant, a special kind of librarian, a collector (bibliomaniac?), and a bibliographer. Also, he is a third-generation diarist, recording each day up to this moment, a family and personal chronicle which was begun by his grandfather and continued by his father.

As mentioned earlier, I have known Ed Carpenter over the years covered in this oral history interview series. It was a special pleasure for me to read it because I knew or know all of the persons he mentions and all of the places, too, except for those in his war years when our paths diverged. It is surprising, though, how frequently we have been associated. I was a member of that stimulating Lockey seminar, where I also met Henry R. Wagner and through whom both Ed and I were introduced to Ruth Axe, Wagner's devoted research assistant, who conducted these interviews for the UCLA Oral History Program. Ed does not mention the occasional special excursions of that seminar group. From time to time we dined out together and often assembled in Dr. Lockey's home--every room lined from floor to ceiling with filled bookcases--for refreshments and reading aloud from Don Quixote or some other of Lockey's favorite books. (One of my most treasured possessions is the copy of Don Quixote from which we read, delivered to me shortly after Lockey's death with this inscription: "Dear Andy:

I want you to have this book as a memento of the lighter moments of the Seminar. J.B. Lockey.") I think the "lighter moments" which Lockey thoroughly enjoyed were designed to offset the intensity and seriousness of the seminar work, and perhaps to keep us friends rather than competitors. Lockey was also an enthusiastic promoter of the Historical Society of Southern California and recruited most of us into membership. For a time he was the president, handling the meetings with his usual dignity, propriety, and infectious (rather sly) good humor and wit. There were field trips, too. I remember one particularly, a visit to the home of the aging Cave Coutts near San Luis Rey, where we were joined by Dr. Wagner in his limousine, complete with chauffeur.

I also attended some of the meetings of the Anthropological Society (Session V, pp. 216-231), and perhaps I was a member for a short time. I am not sure of that, but I did take that first course in anthropology at UCLA, taught by Ralph Beals. After the war and a year of teaching at The Johns Hopkins, I was recruited into librarianship by Lawrence Clark Powell, as was Ed Carpenter (p. 154). We both had an interest in rare books and manuscripts. I graduated, GI Bill benefits, from Berkeley's library school in 1948, and my first library job after that was as the second staff member of the UCLA Library's Department of Special Collections,

started by Larry Powell and Neal Harlow, the first head of the department. I was working there while Ed completed his dissertation, attended the library school at USC, and worked Saturdays at the Clark (p. 156). He joined us in Special Collections as the first university archivist at UCLA (p. 155), but he left abruptly after less than a year. He doesn't mention the reason. I am sure it was due to the loyalty oath controversy and the outrageous firing of Professor John W. Caughey, who was the chairman of Carpenter's doctoral committee (p. 152). One thing about Ed is that when he resigns, he stays resigned. I could never persuade him to return to the university. Years later he resigned, for very good reason, from the Rounce and Coffin Club. To this day we have been unable to persuade him to return to membership. He has also been steadfast in eschewing supervisory or management responsibility. When I urged him to accept the title of assistant department head, he declined, saying, "Administration is like alcoholism; the only way to be safe is never to take the first drink." So far as I know, he has never held a supervisory post.

While Ed was at the New York Public Library (1953-1957), working on the Noah Webster bibliography, I also saw him two or three times. The first was when I returned (by ship in those days) from my first trip to Europe, with my train ticket but otherwise flat broke. I borrowed twenty-five

dollars from him to get back to California. While I was the university librarian at the University of North Carolina (1954-1957), Ed in New York and I in Chapel Hill or Washington spent some time running down Bancroft imprints and variants for Ruth Axe, who was helping Henry R. Wagner on what turned out to be his last scholarly work, a comprehensive bibliography of Bancroft publications. Ed also found a Noah Webster-related excuse to visit Mary and me in Chapel Hill (p. 202).

Not mentioned in these interviews is the brief period when Ed was an indexer for the California Historical Society in San Francisco. After I returned to California from North Carolina to become college librarian at Occidental College, I visited him at the Historical Society headquarters. He seemed to be enjoying his work there, but it was inevitable he should return to the Huntington, which is really his home base as UCLA is mine. Even while he was in New York working on the Noah Webster bibliography, he was on leave (for the first couple of years, at least) from the Huntington.

Except for his first article to appear in print, Carpenter says nothing about his publications, and that one he refers to only because it was known in an unlikely place in the middle of World War II (p. 128). He is a meticulous scholar, and he publishes only occasionally, on subjects

that interest or amuse him and on a range of topics from Noah Webster to early cemeteries of Los Angeles. He is often an editor rather than an author (e.g., for Dawson's Book Shop publications, among them the Baja California Travels Series) but always a scholar. His many articles in bibliographical and historical periodicals are polished gems, as were those of his mentor Joseph B. Lockey. I hope some day a student of mine will compile a Carpenter bibliography.

To assist the reader of this oral history document--whether a reader for the pleasure of it, as was the point in my case, or as a student using it in connection with research--I am asking the editor to append to this wordy introduction a succinct Carpenter résumé.

Andrew H. Horn

Los Angeles, California

December 25, 1976

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Born August 21, 1915, Burlington, Iowa: only child of Edwin H. and Cora (Francis) Carpenter. Moved to California in 1917. Until 1941 lived in Calexico, Sierra Madre, Los Angeles; after 1946 in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Alhambra, and South Pasadena.

EDUCATION: Grammar school, Sierra Madre and Los Angeles; Virgil Junior High, Los Angeles 1926-1929; Hollywood High, 1929-1932; Los Angeles Junior College, 1932-1934. University of California, Los Angeles: BA in English and history, with honors in both departments and election to Phi Beta Kappa, 1937; MA in history, 1939; PhD in history, 1949. University of Southern California: MSLS, 1950.

MILITARY SERVICE: U.S. Army, 1941-1946; highest rank, master sergeant; North African, Mediterranean, and European Theaters.

EMPLOYMENT: Los Angeles Public Library (page), 1935-1936. Huntington Library (rare-book-reading-room attendant), 1946-1947. UCLA Library (university archivist), 1950. Huntington Library (publications secretary), 1950-1953. New York Public Library (bibliographical editor), 1953-1957. California Historical Society (indexer), 1957-1960. Huntington Library (bibliographer), 1960-1973; (lecturer), 1973-present.

MEMBERSHIPS: Cultural Heritage Commission, City of South Pasadena, 1972-1974. Bibliographical Society of America. Clements Library Associates. Friends of the Bancroft Library. Friends of the Huntington Library. Historical Society of Southern California and several local historical societies (vice-president of Eagle Rock Valley Historical Society; board member of Pasadena and San Marino historical societies). Library Patrons of Occidental College. Morgan Library Fellows. Roxburghe Club of San Francisco. Society for Historical Archaeology. Westerners, Los Angeles Corral. Zamorano Club.

PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS: Mark Twain: An Exhibition . . . (San Marino: Huntington Library, 1947). Some Libraries We Have Not Visited (Pasadena: Castle Press, 1947). Editor, Bibliography of the Writings of Noah Webster (New York: New York Public Library, 1958). Editor, Natural History of the Typstickers of Los Angeles . . ., from the letters of William H. Cheney (Los Angeles: Rounce &

Coffin Club, 1960). Printers and Publishers in Southern California, 1850-1876 (Glendale: La Siesta Press, 1964). Early Cemeteries of the City of Los Angeles (Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop, 1973). Editor, Baja California Travels Series and other works for Dawson's Book Shop. Articles in bibliographical and historical periodicals.

INTERVIEW HISTORY

INTERVIEWER: Ruth Axe, author and former secretary to the late Henry R. Wagner. BA, German, UCLA. MA, German, University of Southern California.

TIME AND SETTING OF INTERVIEW:

Place: The home of Mr. and Mrs. H.R. Axe, 909 S. Hudson Avenue, Los Angeles.

Dates: October 22, November 11, 1971; February 6, April 16, May 28, 1972.

Time of day, length of sessions, and total number of recording hours: Interviews were conducted in the evenings, with each session lasting approximately two hours. A total of seven and one-half hours was recorded.

Persons present during interviews: Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. H.R. Axe.

CONDUCT OF THE INTERVIEW:

The interviewer began by asking Mr. Carpenter to describe his purchase of a Serra manuscript that he presented to the Huntington Library. Mr. Carpenter then discussed local collectors and collections, including the Zamorano Club. The narrative continues with a discussion of the Huntington and its collections, Mr. Carpenter's war experiences and early collecting, and his doctorate work at UCLA. Subsequently, he describes seminars he attended at UCLA, then details his own collections and collecting methods. The interview concludes with a discussion on the founding of the Anthropological Society at UCLA.

EDITING:

Editing was done by Helen Lynda Kimmel, assistant editor, UCLA Oral History Program. The verbatim transcript of the interview was checked against the original tape recordings and edited for punctuation, paragraphing, correct spelling, and verification of proper and place names. Words and

names inserted by the editor have been bracketed. The final manuscript remains in the same chronological order as the taped material. The manuscript has been arranged by sessions rather than tapes because the individual sessions were not recorded sequentially onto the tapes.

Mr. Carpenter reviewed and approved the edited transcript of the interview. He made minor corrections, additions, and deletions; he also supplied spellings of names that had not been verified previously.

Betty Bose, graduate student, UCLA School of Library and Information Science, prepared the index. The introduction was written by Andrew H. Horn, former dean of the UCLA School of Library and Information Science. Joel Gardner, editor, Oral History Program, reviewed the manuscript before it was typed in final form.

SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS:

The original tape recordings and edited transcript of the interview are in the University Archives and are available under the regulations governing the use of permanent noncurrent records of the university.

Records relating to the interview are located in the office of the UCLA Oral History Program.

COMMENTS AND ADDENDUM

[Edwin H. Carpenter, after reviewing his bound oral history volume, suggested that the following comments and addendum be incorporated as part of the manuscript to correct statements and to include an anecdote not originally related. The changes were requested in a letter dated July 20, 1978, to Director Bernard Galm of the UCLA Oral History Program.]

Comments

- p. ix, lines 4-6. Dr. Horn's remark about a third-generation diarist is somewhat exaggerated. My grandfather kept diaries only on trips, as far as I know, and my father discontinued his diary many years before his death--before I started mine, so there is not an overlapping series.
- p. 187, lines 7-8. My memory played me false here; I do have a copy of The Curse in the Colophon.
- p. 212, lines 7-8. Another slip of memory. I do not find the sixteenth-century Mexican broadsides I thought I had.

Addendum

One of the reasons I agreed to this interview is that I consider that I am responsible for a university regulation --and in reading the transcript I find that I failed to mention the matter.

When I entered UCLA as a junior I started out as an English major. In my junior year I took some history courses as electives, and by the time I was into what was supposed to be my senior year I realized that I was more interested in history than English; within the English department the courses which I enjoyed most and did best in were historical in their approach. I did not like to jettison the English I had taken, so I took a fifth year and completed that major and one in history too, graduating with two majors.

The English department then had a comprehensive examination as a requisite for completing an English major. I

took it, and with no surprise to myself scored a C. From the point of view of a real grasp of the discipline, I was a good C student. I had averaged much better grades than that, however, perhaps by being prompt and attentive, typing my papers neatly, and so on. In fact, I had a good enough grade-point average to make Phi Beta Kappa.

At the time of my graduation (1937) it was automatic that Phi Beta Kappas were graduated with honors, so in the printed commencement program I appeared with honors in English, which understandably infuriated the chairman of the department (Alfred Longueil, as I recall). Soon a regulation was established that no student would graduate with honors without the approval of the department concerned.

E.H.C.

SESSION: I

OCTOBER 22, 1971

AXE: Dr. Edwin H. Carpenter is bibliographer of western history at the Henry E. Huntington Library. The tape was made, at his request, as a conversation rather than an interview. It documents primarily his gift of a significant manuscript to the library.

First of all you said you would tell about your giving this [Father Junipero] Serra manuscript. Do you want to tell that now? That really would be most interesting.

CARPENTER: Fine. Yes, surely, that would be grand. I'd be very glad to put it in sort of organized shape and get it down. You telephoned me on the night of the sixth of October, a Wednesday night, and in the course of the conversation you said that you had been at Bennett and Marshall and had seen a new catalog. You'd asked me if I had seen it. [It was] a catalog of about thirty items, and you were under the impression that Mr. Bennett was taking [the material] to England with him to the International Book Fair. As it turns out, I don't think he actually took the items himself, but the catalog must have been aimed at that fair in England, because it's priced in pounds as well as in dollars. At the time you talked with me, I hadn't seen that catalog, but you told

me there were many very good things in it, including a Father Serra document.

I received my copy of the catalog the next day. That mailing list uses the Huntington Library address, so I got it at the library and looked at it right then. The Serra document was number one in the catalog, the first entry. It was headed by a little boxed statement that the proceeds from the sale of this item were to be given to the Santa Barbara Mission archive, Father [Maynard] Geiger's project at Santa Barbara. It had quite a description of the document, which is quite a desirable Serra document. It's a leaf out of one of the record books, the baptismal book at San Luis Obispo. It has entries by three or four different padres, and one entry is by Father Serra, covering three baptisms that he performed. I think it's about fourteen lines of text in his handwriting and then a very nice signature. It's a very attractive piece, I think, and quite suitable for display.

Well, at the time that the state's bicentennial was celebrated in 1969, we had at the Huntington Library, and many other places, exhibits and things to go with this bicentennial. In preparing our bicentennial exhibit, we were embarrassed to find that we didn't have anything, any example of Father Serra's handwriting.

AXE: When you say "we," you mean the Huntington.

CARPENTER: The Huntington, yes. I can't remember whether

we borrowed one in time to use in that exhibit, but since 1969 we have had in the library a Serra document on loan from the Santa Barbara Mission archives. We made a point of borrowing something, even though we don't ordinarily borrow; I think we felt it desirable to have something on hand. Father Geiger had lent us a document, but of course it was not ours.

So I'd been aware for a couple of years of the desirability of our having a nice Serra document--or any Serra document. As soon as I had read the catalog, I drew that item to the attention of Virginia Rust, who is the chief cataloger of the Western Americana and Californiana in the manuscript department at the Huntington Library and the one most concerned with acquiring and handling this sort of material. She agreed with me that the description made it sound as if it were an attractive piece and that it would be very nice to have. Incidentally, the price was \$1,000, which I don't believe is out of line for a good Serra document these days. But of course, it is a sizable amount to put out of the budget, even of a place like the Huntington Library, so that she would, of course, give it some thought. She took it to the manuscript curator, her boss, Miss Jean Preston, and, I believe, recommended it to Miss Preston. Miss Preston also felt that it would be a nice thing to have.

I didn't know this until later, but Miss Preston went

to the librarian, Mr. [Robert O.] Dougan, about it and recommended that we acquire it. He felt that it wouldn't be feasible to do so, that we could not justify it in our current budget, on the basis that it had no real research value. Except for the names of a few baptized Indians, it isn't really a research document. It's only a showpiece as far as the Huntington Library is concerned. He didn't feel, even though it was not a price out of line, that he could justify that expenditure for what would just be an exhibit piece and would not necessarily be exhibited very often anyhow. As I say, I didn't find out until later that Miss Preston had actually gone to Mr. Dougan and been discouraged about it.

In showing it to Mrs. Rust, I had said that if it didn't seem that the library could lay out the money, it was not such a large figure but what it might be possible to get some individual member of the Friends of the Huntington Library to buy it and present it. She said yes; she said maybe it was the kind of thing that might appeal to Mrs. Keith Spalding. I don't know Mrs. Spalding and what her current activities are since his [Mr. Spalding's] death, but that name was mentioned.

Well, then, the rest of that day and the next day, I was thinking it over. Occasionally it would come to my mind. Somewhere along the line, it dawned on me: why shouldn't I be the individual Friend and go ahead and

purchase it? I knew it would take the library some-- I don't mean it unkindly--fumbling. There would have to be discussion of whether it was feasible and so forth, and deciding whether or not to get it; whereas if an individual makes a purchase, he doesn't have to wait on any chain of command or anything like that--he can just go ahead purchase something if he desires it. So it occurred to me that I could save the library having to do any soul-searching about whether or not to buy it by buying it myself and presenting it to the library. As I say, when I was thinking about that and coming to that decision, I wasn't aware that Mr. Dougan had already said that he didn't think that the library could purchase it.

I sort of came to the conclusion that I might do that within the next day or two, on the seventh or eighth, on that Thursday or Friday. In thinking over it over the weekend, the only hesitancy I had was the matter of provenance of the document. Obviously, since it's a leaf out of one of the mission archives, one of the volumes from the California missions, it has been removed from its context somewhere along the line. And in past history that has usually been a dishonest removal or a surreptitious removal. This would mean that while no one might ever challenge the title to the piece, nevertheless it would have a cloud on it. This was offset by the paragraph at the beginning of the entry in the catalog saying that the

proceeds would go to the Santa Barbara Mission archive, [which] certainly suggested that Father Geiger at the archive had knowledge of the fact that this was being offered for sale.

It hardly seemed likely that Mr. Bennett would have made such an entry if Father Geiger was not aware of what was going on. As a matter of fact, it did occur to me to wonder--although this is contrary to all archival practices--if perhaps Father Geiger, cum permissu superiorum, of course, had actually provided this from the mission archive. An archivist really shouldn't do that sort of thing, but it occurred to me that possibly the church authorities had decided that they needed money more than they needed multiple autographs of Father Serra. Having all these mission records, they must have a tremendous number of Serra autographs. As far as research goes, a photocopy of that leaf put in in place of the original is perfectly good to cover the names and the facts that were recorded on those pages. I hope sometime to find out. I haven't yet found out whether this actually was put out into the trade--if not officially, at least knowingly by the authorities there. But as I say, the possible slight cloud on the title was about the only thing that caused me to have any hesitancy in deciding to acquire it.

However, there was one other thing. Have you ever seen a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's Iolanthe?

She is a fairy who has taken mortal form. It gets very involved, but there's a scene in that in which she is about to make a decision in regard to marrying a mortal--which will be fatal for her. As she is coming to the decision to do so, there is, in the background, a chorus of her sisters wailing over her making this unfortunate decision. That weekend, as I was thinking it over, I'm afraid I could hear my mother's voice, if not wailing at least worrying somewhat from the other side of the grave as to the step I was thinking of taking.

(Mother had always been afraid that I would wind up a spendthrift. One of my ancestors, on her side of the family, incidentally, had to have a conservator because he became financially irresponsible. She was always afraid that--I think sometimes she suspected that I already was one--I would become one.)

It is true that to pay for this I did have to take some money out of savings, because I didn't happen to have enough in my checking account to pay for it out of current funds. But I brushed the voice of Mother's ghost aside and pretty well decided that if it were still available, I would purchase it and offer it to the library.

AXE: As a gift.

CARPENTER: As a gift. Oh, yes, surely. On Tuesday morning, the twelfth--I was not at the library on Monday, that being a day off--I decided that one way of ending

any possible indecision on my part was to telephone and find out if it were still available, because if it had been sold then, neither the library nor I would need to spend any time in deciding whether or not to acquire it.

So fairly early on Tuesday morning, the twelfth, I telephoned the bookstore. Mr. [Robert] Bennett was in England, as I knew he was, and I thought that I would get the young man who has been working with him for some years, a man named Bob Hyland, whom I know slightly. But someone else answered. I found out later that Mr. Hyland is no longer with the firm, and this was a man named George Allen, who is now working with Bennett and Marshall. I don't know whether he knew my name or not--he might have. When I inquired, he said, yes, the item was still available. And when it came right down to the crunch, I didn't even stop to think it over. I said, "All right. I'll take it."

AXE: On the telephone?

CARPENTER: Yes, over the telephone. So he said, fine, he would set it aside. And I said, "I will probably come on Thursday to pick it up and bring you the money for it." So there I was, committed. I told him that if he should hear from the Huntington Library--again not knowing as yet that the library was not going to try to get it--merely to tell them that it was sold and not to tell them who had bought it. I told him [this] in order to show him that I

was not undercutting my own employer, that my purpose in buying it was to present it to the library so that the library would get it even if they did telephone for it. But of course they didn't. It wasn't that I was trying to conceal things, but that was what I said at the moment.

Later that day, I told Mrs. Rust that I was going to present it to the library. Of course, I didn't want to be too definite until I actually had the document in my hand because there was still a chance of some slipup somewhere along the line. Incidentally, Miss Preston didn't find out that day that I was going to do so because that particular week she was away in San Francisco at meetings of the Society of American Archivists. So on that day, I told only Mrs. Rust.

Then later that day--I don't know what brought it to my mind--it occurred to me [that] if I'm going to make a gift of this stature (at least it's a sizable amount of stature as far as my finances are concerned), I would probably be justified in tacking onto it a name in memory of someone, or something like that. Mother having passed on about eighteen months ago, it would be logical, perhaps, to give it in her memory. But on the other hand, although Mother was a member of the Friends of the Huntington Library and enjoyed going to affairs there, she had no particular feeling for the Huntington. It wasn't any favorite library of hers or anything like that. Nor did she have any

particular interest in Father Serra, other than that of a well-read person who would know who he was and would appreciate the fact that this was a nice document. Also, there are already two memorials to Mother in the form of genealogical books, which of course was a close interest of hers. So I didn't feel that it was necessary to use it in Mother's memory.

All of a sudden I had what seemed to me a very bright idea, and that is to give it--fortunately not "in memory of" because the lady is still alive and very much so--"in honor of" Miss Haydée Noya, who was the assistant curator of manuscripts at the library for many years, and handled a tremendous amount of Californiana and western material, and did a magnificent job in transcribing and translating and cataloging and processing and helping scholars. I think that day, I told Mrs. Rust that I was going to do that.

Then, on Thursday, the fourteenth of October, a day off, I went out to Bennett and Marshall. I went earlier to a savings and loan where I have a savings account, took out the money, and put it in the form of a check for them, a cashier's check rather than a personal check of mine. Mr. Bennett knows me well, and Mr. Hyland does, too; and either one of them would have been willing to take it in the form of a personal check. But since I didn't know the other person, I thought it would be just as well to

have it in a better-recognized form of negotiable paper, so I had a check from a savings and loan association.

I went out, in the course of the afternoon, to Bennett and Marshall, and I had a very nice talk with this Mr. Allen, whom I hadn't met before. He has been in and out of the antiquarian book business in Los Angeles for a few years and had worked at the Abbey [Book Shop] bookstore and various places like that. Of course, we knew lots of people in common. He had the document set aside for me and handed it to me. I examined it, but, of course, I didn't have to examine it very closely. I already knew from the description what it was like, and of course, I was satisfied that it was as represented. So I handed him the check, and he handed me the document, wrapping it up, of course. He said that only a few minutes after I telephoned for it, someone else had telephoned. Then he said there had been three or four orders since then, so that I got in ahead of at least three or four orders. I told him that there was no particular secrecy about it. If there was any reason, he could give the name of the purchaser; but perhaps the simplest thing, rather than giving my personal name, would be merely to say that it had gone into the Huntington Library, if anybody did inquire what had become of it.

When I telephoned the first time, he had said that he would mail it to me, but as I told him on the phone and

then later when I was talking with him, I think it's just as well not to entrust that sort of thing to the mail any more than you can help. But then, when I was leaving the shop, I said, "Of course, I'm probably taking an even greater risk carrying this home with me in the car and keeping it home overnight than if I mailed it." Fortunately that risk came off all right; I didn't have any accidents in the automobile or anything, and I kept it in my house over one night without having it burn down or anything. So on Friday the fifteenth, I took it to the library.

I was rather busy during the morning. Mrs. Rust happened to be there only for a portion of the morning, and I did see her long enough to tell her that it was actually physically at the library and that I would be turning it over to them. That afternoon I wrote a little memorandum to go with it, explaining that I wanted to fill this gap in the library's collection and also that I wanted it recorded as being in honor of--or some suitable wording like that--Haydée Noya, for her work with manuscripts. I wrote this little memorandum by hand to the librarian in the manuscript department, put it with the document, and left it in the librarian's office that afternoon.

As I explained to the librarian, I haven't actually passed title to the document to the library yet, because I want to do a little figuring and find out whether it would

be better from the point of view of my taxes to do it in this calendar year or next calendar year. But the document is there and is to remain there. It is a gift, but it hasn't been acknowledged yet because they will date the acknowledgement as of the time when I say that the gift is actually being completed, being consummated. So that is the situation with the document there in the library. Mr. Dougan, the librarian, thanked me very warmly over the house phone when he called me. Mrs. Rust had also, and then when Miss Preston came back from her meetings in San Francisco and found the situation, she did as well.

On the twentieth, the day before yesterday, it happened that Miss Noya came for lunch. (She and Miss [Phyllis] Rigney, another retired member of the manuscript department, come once every couple of months, usually on the same day, and have lunch with their former colleagues and other people.) The Zamorano Club was lunching that day at the Huntington, and I was helping entertain that group; so I was not able to lunch with Miss Noya. Mrs. Rust said they showed her the document, merely saying that it had been given to the library; initially that was all they told her. She was very enthusiastic, thought [that] it was an excellent document and a very fine Serra example and that it was wonderful that the library had it.

Then they showed her my little memorandum, saying that I wanted it deposited there as a gift in honor of

Miss Noya, and they said she was very embarrassed at this. I know, of course, that she's a very shy person. Mrs. Rust, when I first mentioned this to her, had [asked if] I wanted to hand it to Miss Noya myself, knowing that she would be coming in before long. We might have a little occasion at which I could hand it to her. I said no, that I knew that Miss Noya wouldn't want that because she's a very retiring person. She telephoned me on the house phone, and I rather think that although she was not very many yards away, she did this because she was even too embarrassed to speak to me face-to-face.

We had spoken earlier in the day when she first arrived. I had happened to be in the reference room when she walked in, and we had greeted each other and had a very nice little conversation before she knew anything about the Serra document. But then, afterwards, I think she was even too shy to speak to me face-to-face about it, so she called me on the house phone from Mrs. Rust's office. [She] was, of course, very much interested in and pleased with the document but felt that it certainly should not be recorded in her honor. She hadn't done anything to be worthy of this and so forth and so on. But of course, we're not going to pay any attention to her protests and it will go ahead on the record as being a gift to the library in honor of Miss Noya.

AXE: Well, that's just wonderful. Yes, that's very

Miss Noya, and they said she was very embarrassed at this. I know, of course, that she's a very shy person. Mrs. Rust, when I first mentioned this to her, had [asked if] I wanted to hand it to Miss Noya myself, knowing that she would be coming in before long. We might have a little occasion at which I could hand it to her. I said no, that I knew that Miss Noya wouldn't want that because she's a very retiring person. She telephoned me on the house phone, and I rather think that although she was not very many yards away, she did this because she was even too embarrassed to speak to me face-to-face.

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AXE: Well, that's just wonderful. Yes, that's very

interesting. Is it noted in the entryway that Miss Noya colored those beautiful maps?

CARPENTER: Those two maps that are in what we call the Exhibitions Office or the front office?

AXE: Yes.

CARPENTER: No, I don't think there's any mention there that they are her handiwork.

AXE: She must be the most versatile person imaginable. She translated "Al bello secso," as you may remember.

CARPENTER: Oh, yes.

AXE: Could you tell us a little bit about Miss Noya? Is her native language English?

CARPENTER: I don't know a great deal about her, because, as I say, she is such a shy and retiring person. She doesn't volunteer much information about herself. I know she is a native of Puerto Rico. I don't know which language she spoke first. I would say that she's completely bilingual in English and Spanish. Presumably her family were a Spanish-speaking family, although she may actually have started both languages simultaneously, as some children do. But if not her number-one language, Spanish was certainly her equal language to begin with. She certainly is completely bilingual in the two languages. Of course, [she] has knowledge of older forms of Spanish and that sort of thing, as well as modern Spanish.

I don't know anything about the circumstances that

led her from Puerto Rico to the mainland, or into this field of activity. Being such a shy person and also coming from a culture where it's quite common for women to remain more or less secluded, it would have seemed likely that she would have just stayed quietly in a home someplace in Puerto Rico all her life. But somehow she did get into this world of manuscript activity. I don't know whether she had worked anyplace else before she came to the Huntington or not, and I don't know how long she was at the Huntington. Also, I don't know her age. She retired from the library--oh, it's hard for me to remember now--perhaps a year or maybe as much as two [years] ago, perhaps not as long as two years ago. Although she's obviously a mature woman, everyone seems to feel that she didn't retire because [of] the mandatory retirement age--that she left the library somewhat earlier than she would have needed to--because that is sixty-eight, and I'm sure she is not that old.

AXE: Sixty-eight?

CARPENTER: Sixty-eight, yes.

AXE: She's been at the library, then, at least thirty-five years. "Al bello secso" was supposed to have been published in '37, and she was finished with the translation around '35, maybe; so I would say thirty-five years easily. And Mr. [Henry R.] Wagner knew her well before that.

CARPENTER: Well, yes, she was there many years, certainly.

Yes.

AXE: She must have come to the library as a very young girl.

CARPENTER: Well, as I say, I just don't know the details of her age when she came. She may very well have been young, because, as you say, she was certainly at the library thirty-five years or perhaps more. Of course, it would be possible to ascertain, from the old staff lists and things like that, when she actually came.

AXE: Yes.

CARPENTER: She did a tremendous amount of work over these years, putting into order and cataloging and transcribing and translating. We don't translate anywhere near all of our documents at all, but once in a while, there's some reason when someone wants one translated. Then, as you've pointed out, she also did very fine work in [what] I suppose you would call manuscript illumination and made beautiful facsimiles, I guess, with real gold and the appropriate colors of early maps and things of that nature. Certainly [she] was a tremendous asset to the library, despite her disclaimers, for a long time.

AXE: I can't remember ever having met her, but I may have.

CARPENTER: Well, I hope that you have met her at one time or another, because she is a charming person, as you can imagine, very quiet.

AXE: In her appearance, is she Spanish?

CARPENTER: Yes, she's rather Hispanic in appearance.

AXE: Now back to the day she was there for lunch: was she with the Zamorano Club at any time? Was any mention of the manuscript made at this lunch?

CARPENTER: No, there was no reference to it. She and Miss Rigney and some of the present manuscript staff ate together in one of the dining rooms. Of course, it sounds very elegant to refer to "one of the dining rooms," but it does happen that the lunchroom or cafeteria building at the Huntington Library is set up with two different dining rooms. There is a third room which is called the Seminar Room, and usually is set up with chairs for presentations, and is not a dining room. But on this occasion, for the visit of the Zamorano Club, they had set up a table in that room, which is the pleasantest room in the building. So the members of the Zamorano Club--there were twelve present--were in the front room, or Seminar Room, which is rather removed from the other rooms.

I saw Miss Noya and Miss Rigney and the others go out. The doors were open in such a way that they looked down a short hallway and sort of looked at our luncheon as they went by on their way out. But there was no connection between the two groups. Mr. Dougan, the librarian, was not at the Zamorano luncheon, and I don't suppose that Dr. [James] Thorpe, the director, had yet been told about

the gift; so there probably wasn't anyone at the table that knew about it except me, and I didn't volunteer any information about it. We had a very nice luncheon.

As you know, the Zamorano Club has been having quite a little trouble on its luncheon business. When it still had rooms at the University Club, this worked out very well. The service was good there. There was one waiter in particular at the University Club who would, on those Wednesdays, devote his full attention to the Zamorano group and their luncheon--although even before the club left the University Club, the luncheons were falling off considerably in attendance. Originally, most of the active members worked in downtown Los Angeles or were where they could very easily get there; whereas as time went on, some of these men grew older, retired or died, or left the club, or moved their places of business or their connections. So there were fewer and fewer people who were actually in the downtown area. For that, and for other reasons, the attendance was rather dropping off.

Then, when the club had to leave the University Club and took rooms at the Biltmore Hotel, it was thought that this would work out very nicely, but actually it didn't. I never attended any of the luncheons at the Biltmore. A few were held there, but I understand that the arrangements were very difficult and the service was terrible. The attendance [was] again dropping, and then of course

dropped all the more because of that. It got to be pretty bad, and eventually the luncheons were just sort of discontinued without any formal declaration; they just disappeared. Various members of the club have been rather distressed at this. As a matter of fact, I understand that Dr. Marcus Crahan suggested that the group could come to his house for lunch every week. He and some others have been anxious to do something about it.

In a normal month there used to be three lunches on Wednesdays. The first Wednesday is the regular dinner meeting. They do not have a lunch on the Wednesday when they're going to have the dinner meeting. The other three Wednesdays, they normally used to have lunches, [and] four Wednesdays if there was a five-week month. A suggestion was made that since part of the problem was the geographical setup, the lunches peregrinate. For instance, on second Wednesdays it [could] be at the Faculty Club at UCLA, or someplace like that in the west part of Los Angeles, so that the people in that area could make it. Perhaps the third Wednesday it might be in the downtown area and maybe the fourth Wednesday at the Huntington Library, or at the Athenaeum at Caltech, or someplace like that, so that the men who were in that part of town could make it.

Well, something like this might work out. Apparently, it hasn't as yet worked out to happen as often as every week. That may be more than it will be possible to do.

The current president, Roby Wentz, said something last Wednesday about the third Wednesday being half a month away from the meeting night, and that this would give us twice a month: the meeting the first Wednesday, and a luncheon on the third Wednesday. He didn't say, if it were only one Wednesday in a month for lunch, whether that would be more or less fixed at, say, the Huntington Library or whether it would circulate. But at any rate, that problem is being worked on, and, as far as I can see, this worked out rather well.

I was a little hesitant over what might happen, because a lot of the members are a little on the gourmet side, and they like rather good food. With all due respect to Mrs. [Mary] Walsh, our cook and manager, I don't think that the Huntington lunchroom is quite cordon bleu. She knew there would be extra people for lunch, but I don't think she planned anything special. But she happened to have a fairly good entree. One thing which is quite good and popular is a salad which is alternate slices of ham and honeydew melon, and I noticed several of the gentlemen took that. It happened to be a day when there was a good selection at the cafeteria.

I had also wondered how it would be handled. They just went down the cafeteria line, along with everybody else, and paid cash when they got to the cashier. There was no problem about having to line up anybody to serve

or any problem with billing or anything of that nature.

There was a little service in that, towards the end of the meal, Dr. Thorpe himself brought a pot of coffee around for refills or cups of coffee. The men did go through the cafeteria line, but we did have a table set up with placemats and a little keepsake at each place for them.

AXE: Oh, that was nice.

CARPENTER: Well, the library has just published a pamphlet (I should have brought you one; I'm sorry I didn't think of it) called Letters in Manuscript. I don't know whether you remember; there was one a couple of years ago called Poems in Manuscript which facsimiles some of the manuscript poems that are in the library.

AXE: Is it by Grant?

CARPENTER: Printed by Grant Dahlstrom, yes; edited by [Dr.] Thorpe. Well, now, the same thing again: Grant printed it, and Dr. Thorpe edited it and wrote the foreword in the same format. There was one of those at each place, with a little presentation slip from the director. Twelve showed up. There were thirteen reservations, and we had set the table for twelve, which turned out to be just exactly right, of course.

AXE: Oh, who all was there?

CARPENTER: Well, let's see. From the library there were Dr. Thorpe, and Ray Billington, and me. Then there was the president, Roby Wentz; and then printers Ward

Ritchie and Grant Dahlstrom; and Bob Weinstein from Anderson, Ritchie, and Simon; and Bob Blanchard, lawyer; and George Fullerton, collector. (You know Mr. Fullerton, of course.) And Elmer Belt; it was nice that Dr. Belt came.

AXE: Oh, but not Henry Clifford?

CARPENTER: No. I don't know [various members'] reasons [for not coming]; some of them might have felt they couldn't take the time. Of course, he is one that still does work in the downtown area, and he might have felt that he couldn't come out and go back.

AXE: Well, anyway, it was an historic first.

CARPENTER: Yes, I guess so, and it went off very well. One of the complaints about the luncheons in recent years had been there was too much discussion of politics and things like that. I don't know whether people were deliberately trying to avoid it or not, but this time the conversation was about nothing except literary and bookish matters. A few personal matters: for instance, there was some talk about Mr. [Will W.] Clary and his passing, of course, and regrets about that. Then another member, a newer member, Dick Hoffman, the printing professor at Los Angeles State College, had gone into the hospital a couple of days before for a throat operation; and there was some discussion of that, of course.

AXE: Is he all right?

CARPENTER: Well, I heard this afternoon that he is to come home tomorrow, which sounds promising. However, I believe they were not to know for a while, until the results of some tests, as to the degree of malignancy or whatever he has in his larynx. It may not be too good, but at any rate, he seems to be all right at the moment. So of course, there was a little personal conversation like that, but we didn't get into any of the current events or the politics of the day.

AXE: Well, did Mr. Wentz say that the next luncheon would be there, or wasn't that discussed?

CARPENTER: Well, in order to get back and make sure that the rare-book stack was opened up again at one o'clock, as it's supposed to be, I left the table before the rest of them did, so I don't know. He may have made some such announcement, but I rather think not. I think it's still up in the air. This one was announced by postcard, and I think perhaps there will just be another postcard telling us what the next arrangement will be. It isn't as soon as Wednesday of next week, because there's another week after that [and then] it will be the next regular monthly dinner meeting.

That's going to be [for] Father Geiger. Father Geiger had his seventieth birthday recently, and it's sort of in honor of that. He'll be the guest at dinner. Then he will speak--not about himself or his activities at the mission,

but on the San Gabriel Mission, which is having its bicentennial this year. It was founded in 1771.

AXE: I've seen some ads recently of San Gabriel Mission. They have shops there.

CARPENTER: Well, the mission itself, as administered by whatever religious body it is, has a sort of curio and gift shop, I think, but there aren't multiple shops. Now, of course, across the street from the mission there is a shop with Mexican art and antiquities and things and a leather shop which included Mexican-type belts and things like that.

There also is a rock shop, which I think I may have mentioned to you. Mother and I were looking at one time for a Navajo roadrunner pin for someone, and we had an acquaintance who had one. We asked her where she got it, and she told us that she had gotten it at this rock shop. I'd always thought that it was just a rock shop for lapidaries, people interested in gemstones and polishing and that sort of thing. When we went in, we discovered that they--of course, their stock rises and falls with its availability--try to have on hand all the time a fair selection of southwestern Indian jewelry--Navajo, Hopi, Pueblo jewelry, bolo tie runners and pins and earrings and necklaces and all sorts of things of that nature. On two or three occasions, Mother and I went in there and got things from that shop.

There are gift shops around the mission, but I think the mission proper actually only contains the one. But this being their bicentennial year, they're making quite a little to-do about it. [yawns]

AXE: Are you getting tired?

CARPENTER: No, no. Incidentally, speaking both of Miss Noya and also of San Gabriel, you know Tommy Temple, do you not--Thomas Workman Temple II, who is the historian of the mission?

AXE: Yes.

CARPENTER: Well, even though I'm not as far along [in years] as he, I'm already beginning to have the same sensation--not necessarily frantically, but at least having to give some thought to what's going to become of one's collections, either during his lifetime or after, placing them or disposing them or what to do and so forth. Partly because of that question of wanting to do something with his collection, and also partly because he has had rather serious and very expensive illnesses, partly to raise money Tommy Temple decided that he would sell what he had accumulated over the years as a mission historian.

Now, he wrote me a letter about it, not directly offering it to the Huntington, but in terms which would lead me to suggest it to the Huntington if I thought it wise and so forth. Since the letter was not specifically an offer of the material, he wasn't very specific about

just what it constituted. He rather made it sound as if there were a lot of original mission records in his collection. I don't believe actually they are; I think it's mostly transcripts that he's made over the years. I know he's spent many, many years working in the mission records here and there, and he's copied a great many of them and taken very extensive notes, particularly for genealogies of early California families and things like that. There are probably some original materials and probably some photographic copies and some handwritten copies. I don't know exactly the nature of the collection. But at any rate, I found out Tuesday evening that it's been acquired, and I guess it was purchased, by the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History; so that, I think, will be a suitable disposition of it.

AXE: Of his collection?

CARPENTER: Of his collection, yes.

AXE: Well, he certainly has done a lot of work for them, too.

CARPENTER: Oh, yes, yes. I thought of him earlier when I was speaking about Miss Noya's being bilingual. On more than one occasion, I have gone into her office to see her, and she was on the telephone talking with Tommy Temple. Of course, he's bilingual, too; and the conversation was sometimes quite interesting, because it was a regular sandwich of Spanish and English, going back and forth between the two languages.

I noticed also in the last number of Bancroftiana, the newsletter from the Bancroft Library, that they had acquired some mission records from both upper and lower California. Those, I believe, are original records.

[It] sounded as if that were quite an important group.

AXE: I have it, but I can't remember where they came from.

CARPENTER: Incidentally, the Temple material includes not only upper California but some lower California material and also, I think, a good deal of Sonora material, because he went into Sonora as the point of origin of many of the early comers to Alta California. Of course, the men who came in 1769 and then the settlers, men and women, too--many of them were from Sonora. So he used Sonora records in an effort to trace them. I'm not so sure in his own case, but certainly his wife's ancestors came from Sonora, also. I believe they even have a house in Alamos. I don't mean a house that they inherited--one that they've bought recently. But at least they have been going and spending some time in Alamos, so he has had quite a little research activity in Sonora, and I think his collection includes quite a little Sonora material.

AXE: Is it the Bancroft Library, in Bancroftiana, that obtained that De la Guerra material? Is that where I read that?

CARPENTER: No. That ties in with Miss Noya, too.

There was this Father [José] Thompson, who was a descendant of the famous Thompson-De la Guerra marriage.

AXE: Of course, and he's the one to whose home Mr. Wagner and Mr. [George L.] Harding went, and he showed them Zamorano imprints--which I intend to write up a little more. But he wouldn't sell them to Mr. Wagner. He sold them to Ed [Edwin E.] Grabhorn, and Mr. Wagner bought them from Ed Grabhorn and sold them to [Thomas W.] Streeter....

CARPENTER: To Mr. Streeter, yes. Apparently Father Thompson kept the manuscript portion of the collection, because he had quite extensive De la Guerra papers.

AXE: I didn't know he was a member of the De la Guerra [family].

CARPENTER: Oh, yes. That's how he got the papers, you see--by descent. He spoke one night at The [Los Angeles] Westerners [Club], and he mentioned his ownership of this family archive. In the discussion afterwards, somebody said, "But, Father Thompson, I understood that Franciscans were not supposed to own any property"--which I think is true, but I don't remember how he turned that aside. But he did own a group of De la Guerra papers. He had said that he was going to leave them to the mission archive.

Shortly before his death, he deposited them at the Huntington Library--not, however, in the ownership of the library. The library knew that they were not to become the library's property. But even so, the library devoted

quite a little effort to them, and while they were there, Miss Noya cataloged them. Then, with permission, of course, the library microfilmed them. So the library has the microfilm of them. At his death, he willed them to the Santa Barbara Mission archive, and eventually they were picked up by the authorities from there. So they were delivered to them, and they are now in Santa Barbara, but with a catalog and calendar made by Miss Noya and with a complete microfilm in the Huntington Library. I don't know whether there are other microfilms elsewhere or not. Now, the Bancroft [Library] may have acquired something of the De la Guerra provenance, too, but the ones that have been floating around fairly recently [are from] Father Thompson's collection.

There's another little anecdote I might tell, although I've probably told you before. When Dr. [Robert G.] Cleland's book on the Irvine Ranch came out, although Dr. Cleland was not very muckraking in taking the Irvines to task, he did tell a couple of stories in which Irvine was on the wrong [side] of fences that seemed to wander a little bit farther than they used to, enclosing streams and springs and things like that when they weren't supposed to. There was one incident--I forget what it was or who it involved--[that] had to do with either Irvine or one of the previous owners of the ranch and another ranchero getting involved in a dispute over water rights or a water hole or something like that. It appears that one of Father Thompson's aunts

thought that it didn't reflect credit on a member of their family and that this shouldn't be told outside the family. She thought that Father Thompson was the one who had told Cleland, and she blamed him for having let this family cat out of the bag to Dr. Cleland. He denied it, but he said that she would never believe him.

Well, he mentioned this story and this incident speaking that night at the Westerners. And he said that he officiated at her funeral.

AXE: Dr. Cleland?

CARPENTER: No, no, no. He--Father Thompson. Father Thompson officiated at his aunt's funeral.

AXE: Oh, I see.

CARPENTER: And he said that as they were lowering her into the ground and he was sprinkling the coffin with holy water, he couldn't help saying under his breath, "Now, Aunt So-and-so, you know that I'm not the one who told that story to Dr. Cleland." W.W. Robinson was sitting next to me, and he leaned over and said, "No, I was." [laughter] So it was Robinson who told the story to Cleland, and not Father Thompson.

AXE: I was surprised, visiting San Juan Capistrano for the first time in many, many years, to notice this plaque of Abraham Lincoln, so I went over to read the inscription. Abraham Lincoln gave the mission back to the church.

CARPENTER: Yes.

AXE: I was surprised to see that. They're doing so much excavating now and really trying to do a little more historical work on the church.

CARPENTER: Yes, I believe they're doing quite a good deal there at San Juan Capistrano. But I was talking the other day with Don Meadows, who is a long-time Orange County resident and an Orange County historian. He had been there not long since to take his grandchildren. He, of course, has known San Juan ever since he was a boy and used to know Father O'Sullivan, [who] I think was the famous father there, and whom, of course, Mr. Wagner knew, too.

AXE: And he isn't a real beatified saint. His name was St. John O'Sullivan, wasn't it?

CARPENTER: Why, I don't know about that. No, he's not beatified or canonized or anything like that.

AXE: Yes, [the] children were all excited to....

CARPENTER: He [Don Meadows] had gone, I guess, to take his grandchildren there, and he hadn't been for some little time. He was a little distressed when he came in, because he said that they have made such a lovely and luxuriant and beautiful--maybe lovely isn't quite the word, but striking--garden as you come in; he doesn't think it really gives a true picture of a California mission. It's much more of a garden and much more elaborate, many more plants and things like that than one would have seen. Some of the

higher vegetation also somewhat masks the buildings, so that as you come in you don't get the impact of the buildings with comparatively little vegetation around them, which would have been the case in their palmy days.

AXE: Well, the bougainvillea is just beautiful, and the trees are very old.

CARPENTER: Oh, well, certainly some of them are. I think there [are] some pepper trees, if I remember. I haven't been there for a while.

AXE: One beautiful pepper tree--that's on the side. No, I couldn't agree with him there. Otherwise, everything is kept low. They've put in lots of pools, you see. It isn't a true mission garden in that sense. It's much barer, of course.

CARPENTER: Yes, yes.

AXE: In this case, I think as long as the form of the mission is in the courtyard type of thing, it lends itself very well to the tall trees, which must be very old. I don't think that they were recently put there, although that's being done now. I think they must have been there for a long, long time.

CARPENTER: Yes, very possibly.

AXE: I don't know. It's such a different type of mission than the mission at Purísima, because of the many courtyards.

CARPENTER: Yes. Well, of course, one point that I've

been somewhat interested in recently is about this matter of trees. I think most of us around here nowadays don't realize how comparatively recent most of the tree material around here is. For instance, the little lake that's in the west end of Pasadena, on the old Campbell-Johnson property, had at one time on its banks a winery. It's now converted into a private house. We have a photograph in the Huntington Library that must have been taken in the late eighties or early nineties from Raymond Hill where the Raymond Hotel was, at the north edge of South Pasadena looking west, and the winery shows up very plainly in this view. It would be, I suppose, a mile and a half or two miles away, but it shows up very plainly in this picture. Now, you couldn't begin to see the winery from Raymond Hill, because there [are] just so many trees in the way. You can't see anywhere near that far. I realize that in those days there just [wasn't] anywhere near as much vegetation in between.

This was illustrated with some other photographs very strikingly. A woman named Maida Boyle, who was recently doing some work with the archaeological excavations at San Luis Rey Mission, came to the library to find out what we had in the way of early photographs, so we got things out. We have some very nice Carleton Watkins photographs of San Luis Rey, made probably in the very late seventies or early eighties. Some of them are taken from

a little distance from a hill or a rise a little distance away, and some of them [are] closer shots. The striking thing there is that there's hardly a blade of growing anything anywhere in sight. Here's the full-scale mission building, and everything just sticking up, almost out of bare dirt. That still is not a heavily treed area now.

AXE: You're talking about San Luis Rey?

CARPENTER: This is San Luis Rey, yes. I don't think it's lush now, exactly, but of course, there are many trees in and around the countryside around there. In these early pictures, everything is practically as bare as the palm of your hand. [tape recorder turned off]

It's just a peculiar sort of strength that doesn't mean anything in particular, but we're the only library in the world that has both the first edition and the second edition of Hamlet. Of the first edition, the 1603 quarto, there are only two known copies. We have one, and the British Museum has the other. Ours is the better copy, because ours lacks the final leaf; but theirs lacks the title page. Of course, it's very desirable to have the title page, which we do. Each one has supplied the other. We have a photocopy of the final leaf from them, and they have a photocopy of the title page from us. As a matter of fact, that's been put out in facsimile many times, so that anybody can have the facsimile of the whole thing.

Then the 1604 Hamlet, the second edition, we have a

copy, and it happens that the British Museum, which has the other copy of the first edition, isn't a library that has the second. The second is not as rare as the first, and there are six or eight known copies of it. But it just happens that the British Museum doesn't have one, so we're the only library that has the first and second edition.

AXE: The Huntington has a very good collection of Milton, don't they?

CARPENTER: Yes.

AXE: Does [the William Andrews] Clark [Memorial Library] have better?

CARPENTER: Well, I don't know. No, I would suspect we have better than the Clark; it's one of our pretty good strengths. Yes, we have a very strong Milton collection.

AXE: Now when you say a Milton collection, do you mean first editions and second editions?

CARPENTER: Yes, first editions and then the significant later editions where he made textual changes and things like that. Plus [we have] later editions which have scholarly annotations by different editors, and contemporary and later books about him and so forth--the contemporary ones as far as possible, of course, in first edition. Then also [we have] the general things of his period that form background for studying him--the other things that were being published at the time, the writings of the period.

AXE: This is really not your department, but you're interested in the whole library.

CARPENTER: Oh, well, yes, surely.

AXE: The reason I brought up Milton [was] because Mr. Wagner had spoken about the remarkable Milton collection that someone had in England. In spite of the fact that it was far afield from his interests, still he noted that it was a remarkable collection, that he was glad to see it.

CARPENTER: I might mention, since we were talking along this line, something that I was mentioning to someone else just the other day. A lot of our collections are not collections as such; that is, they are not together, the material is scattered. For instance, the Milton material would be spread among our seventeenth-century holdings. They're mainly alphabetical by author, so the things that Milton himself wrote would be together. But writings by others, things like that--possible books containing contributions by him and the contemporary literature--might be pretty well scattered.

There are very few collections which we have intact as a specific collection. This means that we often have fairly strong holdings where we don't know it or don't realize it particularly. For instance, Mr. Clary, of whom we were speaking earlier--who just died recently--was a trustee of two or three of the Claremont Colleges and quite interested in the activities in Claremont. (I guess he was

a Pomona graduate.) He formed a collection on Oxford. Of course, the Claremont Colleges in Pomona--I don't think it worked out quite the way they intended it--are supposed to be sort of like Oxford, a group of colleges in a town. Because Oxford is supposed to underlie Claremont, as it were, Mr. Clary formed a very good collection of books on Oxford, about the university and the town, the history of the place, and gave it to the [William L.] Honnold [Memorial] Library, which is the library for all the Claremont Colleges. I don't know whether he gave the panelling, too, or how they got it, but it's fixed up in a nicely panelled room and all very attractively done. A catalog of it was published; Grant Dahlstrom printed it. They have made quite a to-do over it at one time and another.

Well, I can't remember who it was, but I remember one time a few years back, there was some visiting scholar using the Huntington Library. He wasn't working particularly on Oxford, but he was doing something in English history or literature which led him to go out and use that collection and also use books at the Huntington. I don't know, again, what brought it up or why he said it to me, but he said, "You know, scattered throughout your general collection, you've got a better Oxford collection than the Clary Collection." I think that's often the case. If you put it together, pull things together, we often have quite

strong holdings.

MR. AXE: Is there any chance that they'll get computers? That you'll press a button, and everything about Milton will come out?

CARPENTER: Well, of course, the computer people say that this can be done, and already there are some things like that. I think there are some libraries where the contents--that is, the authors and titles and things like that--have been put into computers. I don't know whether that's tape or what the form is, but [they are] fed in in such a way that you can push a button, and it will--I think the term is--"print out" for you a list of all the books they have by a person, or on a person, or something like that. Of course, I'm sure, especially in rare-book libraries, that computers will never be as much use as their advocates think. But there will be some things that can be done that way. But whatever they are, the Huntington will be the last to adopt them.

AXE: Off the record, Ed, do you think that had the Huntington had trained librarians from the beginning, there would be a little more system available, shall we say?

CARPENTER: Oh, I don't know. I don't think it makes too much difference. I think it would have developed more or less the way it has. Of course, a strong personality, regardless of professional training, might have pushed it in one direction or another. I don't know just what George

Watson Cole's training was. [He] was the first librarian. Leslie Bliss doesn't count as the second; he's either the third or fourth. There was a Mr. [Chester] Cate in there briefly between the two of them. But even during Mr. Cole's time, Mr. Bliss was quite a key person. I know from what Mr. [Robert O.] Schad told me and what Mr. Wagner told me, too, that Mr. Huntington relied very heavily on Mr. Bliss and dealt a good deal directly with him. I mentioned this to someone recently who was quite surprised to find out and didn't realize that Mr. Bliss was a professionally trained librarian. I think he went to the library school at Albany [New York] that Melvil Dewey was connected with. So there was a professional librarian in a responsible position there for a great many years.

But of course, when you're hired by a wealthy man in his private capacity, you do things the way he wants them done; so the library initially developed along the lines of Mr. Huntington's interests. I don't know whether anybody ever would have felt that we should have done anything else. But anyhow, what happened is that classification in the rare books is purely our own, just a rule-of-thumb classification based on what a private collector would do, even if he only had books enough to fill one room. He'd put first editions in one place, and extra illustrated books in another, and incunabula in another, and Western Americana in another, and so forth. So the categories in our rare-book

classification, generally speaking, are just broad classifications like that, the way a private collector would have had them when he had a small holding.

I don't know whether it makes any difference to you, but I mentioned that, with very few exceptions, collections are not kept together. The one or two exceptions that I can think of are primarily when you have a subject that's so specialized that it just seems logical to keep them together. One that you might be interested in is a category on artificial languages, the A.L. Bancroft Collection, which was kept together. I think that was A.L.'s, wasn't it?

AXE: Oh, yes, but I didn't know it was there. I wonder if that's the one that Mrs. [Sara B.] Fry was so upset about. You see, he was her father.

CARPENTER: Yes, I know that.

AXE: She wouldn't give anything further to the library because of the way they had treated one collection (I hope this isn't recording) that she had given them previously. I didn't know that they had that.

CARPENTER: Well, I don't know anything about this story, and I know nothing about her relations with the library. But we do have a collection on artificial languages that was A.L. Bancroft's, and I suppose we got it from her.

AXE: I imagine the sixteenth-century Mexican imprints would all be one collection.

CARPENTER: Well, no. As a matter of fact, they are not.

AXE: Are they done by...?

CARPENTER: No, no, unless it has some other particular reason, which I'll mention in a minute. Early books about America, or printed in America, are classed as what we call A-date--"A" for Americana and then the publication date of the item itself. They're arranged chronologically, so the classification of a Mexican book of 1566 would be A-1566. Then within the year, they're alphabetically by the author. So even the sixteenth-century Mexican imprints, which are a rather homogeneous grouping, are not kept together. They would be cheek-by-jowl with other books printed in the same year, maybe in Holland, maybe in France, maybe in England, maybe someplace else, you see.

AXE: Oh, what a difficult....

CARPENTER: Well, of course, it isn't a matter exactly of difficulty, because our shelves are completely closed to everyone. It's not only, in library parlance, a closed stack, but a locked stack as well. Even what would be equivalent of graduate students or faculty don't have stack access as they often do in a university library. So as long as the rare-book staff can produce the book, it doesn't make any difference to the user how it's shelved. He has to get at it through the card catalog anyhow. He can find what we have in the way of sixteenth-century Mexican imprints because in addition to the author cards

and the title cards that would be in the general catalog, we do keep an imprint catalog. Of course, in the case of Mexico, he's confined to Mexico City. If he looked under Mexico City, he would find a card for each one, and then he would do what he'd have to do anyhow: make out a call slip for each one with its accession number, which serves as the call number.

MR. AXE: Well, how about these castles in Spain? No, it wasn't Spain.

AXE: In Germany, yes. Well, first just one more thing. What date did you come to the library?

CARPENTER: Well, I've worked there three times. I came first in about September of '46. I got out of the service in April of '46; and I went to work there in the fall, about September, and worked there for a little bit over a year. Then I decided that I'd never get my doctorate done if I didn't devote full time to it. I didn't have to work for support because at that time there was the GI Bill available to finance one's studies; so I left the library and went on.

AXE: What were you doing at the library then?

CARPENTER: At that time I was in the rare-book department, as I am now, but my primary function was [as] the attendant at the desk in the rare-book reading room. The people who man that desk now are members of the reference department staff, but in those days they were classed as members of

the rare-book department staff. So I was a member of the rare-book [department]. Of course, I was the junior member.

Then I came back again to the library in the fall of 1950 for about two and a half years. That time I was in editorial work in the publications department up on the second floor. [I] did editorial work with Godfrey Davies, particularly, on the [Huntington Library] Quarterly and then also on the books that were coming out at the time. Then I went off to the New York Public Library, and then I came back to the Huntington the third time--and very likely the final time--on April first of 1960. I've been there a little over eleven years in this stretch, and in all it totals about fifteen years or so.

AXE: Oh, that's very interesting. Now, Ed, tell us a little about when you were in Germany, if you can travel over across the sea.

CARPENTER: Well, I don't know about any sort of connected account of my time there. You and I were talking on the telephone not so long ago about a friend of yours who was very much interested in castles and so forth. We were speaking of different castles and pictures of them, and I spoke of the fact that there were travel posters which have very striking photographs of Neuschwanstein, which was one of the castles of Ludwig II of Bavaria. And I mentioned the fact that I went there during the war, when it was full

of looted art.

AXE: Well, you were stationed in Heidelberg.

CARPENTER: Yes. It must have been at the time when we were stationed in Heidelberg. It might have been before our outfit actually settled down in Heidelberg. We spent the summer of 1945 in Heidelberg, and that was probably the period. You expressed some interest in that and wanted to hear about that particular occasion.

I was in the historical section of the Seventh Army. I had been for some little time then. Although we worked fairly hard, and I think produced something worthwhile, we were fairly easygoing about it, too. After the actual war was over, the summer of '45 there in Heidelberg, each man had one day off a week. Usually he had a vehicle at his disposal, a jeep or something, so he could do sightseeing and so forth. As it happened, this particular incident didn't involve sightseeing on my part, because I was doing this officially with the army historian.

The army historian was kind of an interesting man. He was Colonel William B. Goddard. He was a slight anomaly in the army in that he was a reserve officer who was a West Pointer. He had been an enlisted man in the First World War, and late in the First World War they had quite a program of sending promising enlisted men to West Point. He was one of those, and he had come back from France in 1918, or something like that, to go to West Point. I don't

know where he stood in his class, but he completed his course there, graduated, and I suppose was commissioned. But not very long after--I don't know just how long after--he decided that the army was not for him and resigned his commission. Again, I don't know whether simultaneously or later he took up a reserve commission. In the reserve he had worked his way up to lieutenant colonel at the time of the Second World War. He reentered the army in the Second World War as a reserve officer and held that rank; and during the time I knew him, he didn't get any promotion, so he was still a lieutenant colonel.

He was then in the somewhat anomalous position [due to] the fact that quite a few of the men who were major generals and things like that had been classmates of his, and he knew them personally. There were one or two instances when he was discussing the affairs of the historical section with us and wanting to know how they were going, and one of us would say, "Well, such and such division is rather slow about getting in its reports," or "They're rather skimpy about the amount of historical information they send in." And he'd say, "Oh, well, Old Stinky commands that division. I'll go around and talk with him." And he would disappear for a day or two and come back and say, "Well, I don't think you'll have any more trouble from the such and such division." He was very helpful that way.

Another thing is that--contrary to the situation, I

believe, in some other historical outfits in the army-- he wasn't any historian. He knew it, and he didn't try to interfere. He even went so far as to say to a group of us at one time, "I'm just here to do your errands for you. You fellows do the historical work and let me straighten out things and help you where necessary"-- and so forth and so on. He was a very affable person.

I don't even know whether we started that day with the objective of going to Neuschwanstein, or whether he just wanted to go out for the day or what, but one day he took me with him. Although he had a regular driver, for some reason or other the driver didn't come that day--may have been his day off--and I drove. I guess it was a jeep. It might have been a command car, but I think it was a jeep. I don't think we were in Heidelberg at that time because it wasn't so very far. I think we must have been at Augsburg. Wherever it was, we weren't very far from the Bavarian Alps and that area in there, and so we poked around. I remember we went to Garmisch Partenkirchen that day, and we went to a huge cloister called Kloster Ettal. I don't know whether it was Benedictine or not. Near that, we went to another of Ludwig's palaces called Linderhof. (Come to think of it, I'm not sure I went to Linderhof that same day with Colonel Goddard, but that doesn't make any difference.)

We were poking around the edges of the Alps as they

come down into Bavaria there, and so we went to Neuschwanstein. Well, the war was still on, and they had not sorted out the art treasures that were being recovered. [Neuschwanstein] had been used by the Germans as a storage place for looted art, particularly, I believe, from France. So as soon as that area was taken over by the Americans, a heavy guard was put on the place. Access to it was very tightly controlled because, of course, [of the] tremendous amount of valuable material in there.

We drove up; it has a curving, sweeping driveway that climbs rather sharply and comes up to (of course, there isn't literally a moat there, but it almost feels that way as you approach) this great gate. As we got a few yards from the gate, a guard stepped out with his rifle-- I can't remember the military maneuvers involved; I guess at port arms. When he saw it was an officer, he presented arms, and then back to port arms and stopped us very definitely.

Colonel Goddard said we wished to go in and see the interior, and the man said he was sorry but it was off limits to practically everyone. Colonel Goddard said, "Well, who can authorize admittance?" and the soldier said, "Only two persons, sir. The Seventh Army fine-arts officer" (who was Jimmy [James J.] Rorimer, who later became the director of the Metropolitan Museum; he was, I think, a lieutenant or something at the time) "and the army historian,

Colonel Goddard."

So Colonel Goddard said, "Well, do you know Colonel Goddard by sight?" And the man said, "No, sir, but I recognize his handwriting." So Colonel Goddard reached into a sort of a field carrying case that most of us carried at that time, pulled out a pad of paper, wrote on it "Admit William B. Goddard and Sergeant Edwin H. Carpenter," signed it "William B. Goddard, Lieutenant Colonel such and such," and handed it to the guard. And the guard was satisfied and let us in. He told us that Lieutenant Rorimer was there in the building.

You drive into an open courtyard, and most of the building soars above you from this courtyard, as you know from pictures or perhaps being there. It's very tall, built in a very soaring effect, in spires and all that sort of thing. It's mid-nineteenth century; it isn't old. It's sort of Wagner's music put into stone, which is what it was supposed to be, the effect that Ludwig was trying to get. But then there are also rooms below which are virtually vaults of one sort or another. The guard told us that Lieutenant Rorimer was down in the vaults, which had been used for storage for Renaissance jewelry or something like that. Well, I don't know whether it was because he wasn't interested in the jewelry or because he thought it was just as well not to tangle with Lieutenant Rorimer (not that they would have tangled), but Colonel Goddard said we

wouldn't bother him.

Along the side of this open courtyard, there's a staircase. There was a German family living in the building as caretakers of some sort or another. I can't remember, but I think it was a teenage girl or some member of the family who came out and showed us through the place. To tell you the truth, I don't remember it in great detail. Of course, she took us only through the state apartments, things a tourist would ordinarily see. But I do remember that there were several large rooms, one after another, and one room would be full of Louis Quinze chaises longues and the next room would be full of Louis Seize escritaires and something like that. It was just jammed full of French [furniture], I suppose all good stuff. I wasn't familiar enough to know.

AXE: Do you think it was looted?

CARPENTER: Oh, yes, it was all stuff that they had taken from...

AXE: ...probably from the Louvre or someplace.

CARPENTER: Well, I don't think that the Germans actually took so much from the Louvre itself, but from private collections, particularly of Jewish owners and that sort of thing. There were many private collections of which they had taken, I guess, the whole thing or the better pieces. As you know, there was a tremendous program after the war trying to sort these things out and return them.

Fortunately for the people who were doing that, the Germans were such meticulous record-keepers that even when they looted they kept a very careful record of where each piece came from and so forth.

The throne room was empty; there was nothing in that. It hadn't been used for storage. It's very striking in a gaudy sort of way. It has these columns that are, if I remember, several different kinds of marble. Then, just in case that wasn't elegant enough, [at] two or three spots around each column--a third of the way up, and in the middle, and two-thirds of the way up, or something like that--there would be an added band of metal. I don't know whether it was really gold or not, but [it was] a golden-like metal with jewels in it. Then there was the very elaborate throne. It isn't a tremendous room as throne rooms go, because this was not where he expected to entertain large numbers of people. This was sort of a hideaway, so it was not done on a tremendous scale. But it was a largish room.

I don't remember whether they were mosaics or murals, [but] I think they were murals which--I don't know whether Ludwig himself specified this or some tactful courtier dreamed it up--portrayed kings who were also saints: Saint Louis of France, and, I think, some of the Hungarian kings who have been canonized. So around this throne room--I remember, they were pretty well up, sort of a Sistine

Chapel ceiling effect, something like that--were these paintings of kings who were also saints.

The swan is part, or maybe all, of the crest of that particular family. The older family castle nearby, somewhat lower down in elevation and more or less on a lake, is known as Hohenschwangau. This, of course, is Neuschwanstein, and you have this swan motif worked in wherever possible all through the place. Many, if not all, of the door handles were shaped like swans. The handles and spigots on washbasins and plumbing fixtures and things like that were shaped like swans. So it was quite a striking place to see, especially under rather interesting circumstances, when it was not available. Later, after the looted art was taken out, it was opened again; but at that time, it was very tightly controlled and closed.

AXE: Were you the one who was telling me about the Tischlein deck dich?

CARPENTER: Yes. I didn't know that word, but I mentioned that this, [while] not exactly a hideaway, wasn't supposed to be for entertaining on a stupendous scale. Of course, some places were. Ludwig had a palace, and I think you told me I pronounced it wrong. Was it something like Herrenchiemsee?

AXE: Herrenchiemsee.

CARPENTER: Now I'm not sure whether this is one of these palaces that's actually literally larger than Versailles,

but it's that sort. It's perfectly stupendous. It's on an island in a lake.

AXE: Right.

CARPENTER: I never saw that one, but he did have that one which was for the stupendous goings-on. At Neuschwanstein it would have been possible to entertain quite a group of people there or have quite an event or something like that.

But the one that really was his hideaway was this place called Linderhof. It was someplace near Ettal, if I remember--a few miles west of Ettal. It was very striking because it's a little bijou of architecture. It's not much bigger than an ordinary American two-story house. There may have been a story below ground, [a] basement level; but as you approach, it's a two-story house done in sort of royal chateau style. It's set in the bottom of a rather narrow, steep-sided valley, vaguely like Yosemite. So it's very striking having this little jewel-like structure in the middle of such a striking geological and natural formation, with a tremendous number of trees around and that sort of thing. It has a rather attractive fountain playing in front as one drives up.

On the second floor, it had a suite of rooms for the king, which had a bedroom, a throne room, a dining room, and sort of an office. There may have been one or two more rooms; I don't remember for sure. The throne room--I suppose you would call it that because it had a throne

in it--wasn't set up for any public event of any scale because it wouldn't be big enough to hold more than a dozen people or so. It was a very small room, but it did have a very elaborate throne set up with a canopy. I can't remember whether it was peacock feathers or something that was quite a feature of that one. One room had innumerable little brackets on the walls and on them were, or were supposed to be, little china porcelain figurines which were from the Nymphenburg and other of the royal German potteries. Unfortunately, some on the lower, more accessible shelves I think had been lifted by GIs who'd gotten in there earlier. Quite a few of the brackets were empty. But there were a good many of that sort of thing. Then there was sort of an office with an actual working desk (it was a very elaborate piece of furniture, but it was set up as an office with a desk where he could work), and [there was] a bedroom.

The dining room had this feature [the Tischlein deck dich] so that the monarch could be completely alone and not even have to have servants waiting on him at a meal. A trap door or a large portion of the floor of the dining room would lower to the floor below, and the table could be completely set with the food and everything. Then it could be put back into position and some signal given whereby he could enter this dining room and find his meal all ready for him--but be completely alone as he ate it,

without even having someone there to pass him the food. It had that sort of effect.

So this Linderhof was where he went when he really wanted to be alone. It sounds inglorious to say "back-yard," but behind it there was an artificial underground grotto in which, I understand, Ludwig died. He was drowned. It was set up, I suppose, to portray--I don't know my opera well enough--a scene in one of Wagner's opera where the swan comes along and....

AXE: Lohengrin.

CARPENTER: I guess. Lohengrin gets aboard, as it were, and is carried off on this swan. There was water in this underground grotto, some sort of pond or stream effect, and it was fixed up for staging things. I believe the usual feeling is that Ludwig committed suicide, but I'm not sure on that.

AXE: I'm going to read this book. I have it right here. Do you read enough German that you could...?

CARPENTER: No, no. For practical purposes I don't read German at all. I have only title-page German.

AXE: By the way, were there any books in any of these castles at the time?

CARPENTER: Not that I saw. There might very well have been a library at Neuschwanstein into which the guide didn't take us. I suspect there may not have been [one] at Linderhof, other than perhaps a few reference books in

connection with the office, or something like that.

No, I don't remember seeing much in the way of libraries or books when we were in Germany, except the university library itself in Heidelberg, which I went into various times. Of course, it was not really functioning at the time, but it was fortunately protected, you know. I don't know whether there really was an agreement between the Germans and the British that neither Heidelberg nor Oxford would be bombed, but neither one was. So, except for some bridges being blown, Heidelberg was not damaged at all.

AXE: How long were you there?

CARPENTER: Well, I can't remember now. It was in effect one summer, but I don't remember whether it was May or June when we got there, and I don't remember whether it was September or October when we left. But we did spend one summer in Heidelberg, which gave us a chance to fan out considerably. If you did have a day off and a vehicle available, of course, it was possible to go quite some distance. With a hard day's drive you could even go as far as Strasbourg. A couple of the fellows who were rather addicted to France and things French and that sort of thing sometimes used to head in that direction. I went from there one time, not up to Berchtesgaden itself, but up to that vicinity and then on to Salzburg, and spent part of a day in Salzburg. At that time my old division head-

quarters was located in a palace not very far out of Salzburg, the name of which I can't remember now [Schloss Klessheim]. I didn't see anywhere near as much of Salzburg as I would have liked to.

AXE: Probably rained.

CARPENTER: Yes, I think it was raining, but I did have a very nice day that day. As for rain, another day one of the other fellows and I went out in a vehicle without a top. It was pouring rain and anybody that wasn't a lunatic wouldn't have done this, but he knew that I was particularly anxious to do it, so we went to Würzburg.

There had been a fellow [John Skilton], who was an enlisted man in the monuments and fine-arts section of the Seventh Army at one time, whom I had known. He was commissioned and was now a second lieutenant and the monuments and fine-arts officer for Würzburg. So we went around to see him. There is a quite important palace there known as the Residenz.

AXE: Where the bishop lived, wasn't it?

CARPENTER: Yes. That was one of these cases where they had cardinal-archbishops, or the prince-archbishops or something, because the ecclesiastical authority and the governmental authority were vested in the same hands a good deal of the time. It had been damaged quite a little bit by bombs. One of the main features of this Residenz was the great tremendous stairwell, the great Treppenhaus,

[with] ceilings by Tiepolo, which were not damaged by the bombing. They may have been a little shaken, but they weren't directly damaged. The roof above them had been somewhat damaged and Skilton was very much concerned about this. He himself, I guess, practically single-handed, had been up there spreading tarpaulins and things like that above this spot so that the rain would not get down into them. As far as I know, he successfully protected them. Then, I can't remember, there's a special name for it, but there's also a Schloss [Marienberg] of some sort on a hill commanding the city, and we went up there. I remember going to that as well, so that was quite a nice day.

Then another day I went to Munich. Munich was supposed to be off limits to us; General Patton was not very cooperative with even his own armies.. That was Third Army territory and was supposed to be off limits to Seventh Army personnel. Usually if we were in Munich, we were just going through on the way to someplace else. I didn't really see much of the treasures or the things that were to be seen in Munich itself.

Another occasion was a two-day trip, and this was a duty--we were sent on this. One of the other fellows and I went back to France to get wine. We had a jeep and a trailer, and we went back to Strasbourg. The colonel or somebody had already made some arrangements. We didn't have to scrounge around the markets buying it.

The army controlled some stock of some sort, and we had orders that enabled us to pick up so many cases, or so many bottles, or whatever it was, which we brought back.

AXE: How amazing. Instead of Rhine wine or something, to go back to France, they had a predilection....

CARPENTER: Well, Strasbourg is on the Rhine, and I think some of the wines that are called Rhine wines actually come from quite close to there. I don't remember whether it was a particular stock we got that time, but we used to get Liebfraumilch.

AXE: Ed, were the bookstores functioning then?

CARPENTER: I was in Paris immediately after [the] war for a while, and there were a great many functioning in Paris then. But generally speaking, I think no. I didn't really get into any antiquarian bookstores, I think, until I went to Paris. Now, of course, in almost any place, especially the larger cities, there would be the sort of stationery stores that would have some paperback novels and things like that. Sometimes, of course, they had a little more than that. I remember buying a rather substantial volume on the history of Lorraine. I don't know whether that was in Strasbourg or where it was, but [it was] in one of the towns where we were.

We were stationed for a while near Nancy, [at] Epinal where there was a chateau of Stanislas [Leszczynski], the king of Poland who was the father-in-law of one of the

French kings [Louis XV]. When he was dispossessed of the Polish throne, he had to be given something, and he became the duke of Lorraine. So in Epinal there was [a] chateau that had been Stanislas's. Then, of course, there were the others in Nancy. I forget the name of the place in Nancy, but it's a very attractive complex, including a much earlier palace or family home which was a museum but [which] was closed. However, with a package of cigarettes we bribed our way in, and the attendant showed us some of the collections in the museum there.

AXE: I always found it very strange that there were no books ever in evidence in any of these when I went through, and you found none either.

CARPENTER: Well, of course, in the European countries-- and in Mexico, too--a lot of the antiquarian bookstores are not the way we think of them. If we go into an antiquarian bookstore here, there are usually large expanses of shelf or tabletops where you can browse and find things. The prices are marked, and you know what they are. If you want to purchase them, fine. But in many of those places, there's sort of a counter, and you don't really actually manage to get into the place. You have to ask specifically for what you want, and then they produce it from behind the scenes.

AXE: Well, I meant even in the palaces, though.

CARPENTER: Oh, yes, yes.

AXE: No books, no libraries.

CARPENTER: I didn't actually see them, but of course there are many libraries in some of the convents and cloisters. I've seen a good many pictures, of course; many of them are quite striking. There was a certain style of architecture which one recognizes, I guess, as part of the German baroque or something, where you have these two-story libraries with all sorts of bays full of books and the balcony going around the room--often very attractive.

As a matter of fact, I think the reference reading room at the Huntington Library is modeled on that sort of thing to a certain extent. Of course, it's not the slightest bit baroque; it's very simple. It's a two-story room with the balcony going around and shelving on the upper level as well, a room I've always liked very much....

AXE: What was the Moroccan incident? I've forgotten that...and I'm sure you've told me.

CARPENTER: The one that involved books and bookstores and things like that is how I got to know Gerald McDonald. We were stationed for a while right in Rabat, and then later on the outskirts of another, more modern town which didn't have a Moslem background, Port Lyautey, which was developed by the French as a port.

One day I went into town and there was a little

bookstore. I don't remember what else I bought, maybe nothing else, but I remember I bought a history of Moroccan literature in French, which I could read. (I don't read Arabic or Berber--I don't know whether Berber even exists in printed form or not, but Arabic does--but I can read French; so I bought this anthology of Moroccan literature in French.) I had part of the afternoon off and then I was back at my office, which in those days was a blackout tent. We did have a few extra facilities, wooden floors built in them, and we had an electric light; but it was basically just a blackout tent.

It turned out that that evening, there was something quite important to do, and I had to stay and work late, along with the boss. He had to get in a report or document of some sort or other. It was fairly long and secret in some way and had to be transmitted in code. We finished it at eleven o'clock at night or something like that. I guess he was writing it and I was typing it. The officers' billets lay in one direction and the enlisted men's in the other; and, as it happened, the message center where one would take something like this to deposit it for transmission was in the direction of the enlisted men's billets. So he said, "As you go back to your tent, will you take this and turn it in to the message center?" And I said, "Surely."

So I went to the message center, which was two blackout

tents end-to-end. They had lights inside, but there was not a light outside. When you have the two tents end-to-end, it isn't a matter of inner and outer, but one was the inner and one was the outer room. The inner room was the code room which, of course, was supposed to be entered only by authorized personnel. The outer room was the message center, which, in military usage, is equivalent to the post office and the express company and everything else. That's where all sorts of mail and packages and things are sent back and forth.

A vehicle had just arrived from one of our regiments to pick up and unload mail. All of this involves a great deal of signing for all sorts of things, and at this time of night the message center was operating on a skeleton crew anyhow. So I came into the outer, official public part of the message center just after the personnel had arrived from the regiment with all this business to do and the man [who] was on duty realized that he would be very involved for quite a while. He asked me what I wanted, and I said that I had a message to be encoded or something like that. And he said, "Well, it will be an awful time before I can get to it. Why don't you take it right into the code room yourself?"--which was not quite according to the rules, but this was all right with me.

So I pushed aside the flap and went in. Here was a field desk set up with various encoding machinery and

different things, I don't know what all. I didn't look around too closely. There was a soldier on duty sitting there. He wasn't doing anything at the moment. He was the night man. He didn't have any particular task, I guess, and he was sitting there reading. He looked a little surprised when I came in--because, of course, I was not one of the authorized personnel--but I said that the man outside suggested that since he's so much occupied that I bring this directly in. So he put down his book, and, as people often do, he turned it open and face down on the table, which exposed the cover and the spine of it. I looked at it, and I saw that it was this same anthology of Moroccan literature of which I had bought a copy that afternoon. So after he took the message and put it wherever he was going to put it, I said, "I've just bought a copy of that this afternoon, but I haven't had a chance to read any of it yet. Is it interesting?"--or something like that. He said, "Oh, yes." And then [we] got started talking.

His name was Gerald McDonald, and he had been for several years a staff member at the New York Public Library. Later, I guess immediately after the war, he was the head of the rare-book room, and then the head of local history and genealogy and American history, and at one time the acting head of manuscripts. Just before his unfortunate death a couple of years ago, he was in charge of a combined special-collections department where they combined several

of their very important collections. So he had very responsible positions both before and after the war at the New York Public Library. I was apparently the first GI he had encountered who could talk books with him.

AXE: Was he a GI?

CARPENTER: Oh, yes. Yes, surely. I think he was a corporal at the time, something like that. He was a cryptographer, you see. He'd been in the service some little time, as had I, but I was the first one he'd encountered that knew anything about libraries or books or something like that. So we got to talking, and I think it was three or four o'clock in the morning before I finally left--the message meanwhile not having been encoded and sent, but that's all right. We had a wonderful talk.

He was not a member of the same outfit I was. I was in the headquarters company of the Third Infantry Division and he was in the Third Signal Company. The signal company, except for some of the men who were out ahead stringing telephone wires and things, almost always traveled with the division headquarters; and there would be various periods when the messes were combined, so I had plenty of opportunity to see him. Later, in Italy, he was transferred in one direction and I was transferred in another; but until that time, we saw a great deal of each other and developed a very close friendship, which was increased after the war when I went to New York to work. And we were

very close friends up until the time of his death.

So that was how one particular book brought a contact to me which meant a great deal to me, at the time and especially later. The whole business of things that happened in Morocco is a whole other story, too, and I don't think I'll get into that tonight.

AXE: I know there was something about a couple of....

CARPENTER: Yes, a young French couple that I got to know there, the Guillons. But, as I say, I don't think I will go off onto that.

SESSION: II

NOVEMBER 7, 1971

AXE: Where did you meet the Guillons?

CARPENTER: I met them on the top of Hassan's Tower, which is a quite interesting old building in Rabat, in French Morocco. I don't remember the height of it, but it's quite sizable. I believe it's supposed to be unfinished--the top is not completed--but it's a very substantial square tower, rises the equivalent of three or four stories, and does not have any steps inside. It has a ramp that leads to the top, and the story they tell is that it was a ramp so that the sultan could ride his horse to the top of the tower rather than walking up. It's a tourist attraction, both in itself as, I believe, a fourteenth-century building, and also as a very good viewpoint from which to see Rabat and Salé and the surrounding countryside.

I went up there on more than one occasion. One time I was with an army friend of mine, Marc Woodward. I think it was a Sunday afternoon, and we had gone up Hassan's Tower and were looking over the city. I was trying to pick out some old building or monument in the native quarter, so we were speaking of this. There was a young French couple standing nearby, and finally--I don't remember in detail--the husband, I think, said to us in very good English, "If you're looking for such and such, why, that's

it over there, the low building with the such and such roof," and so forth.

We got to talking with both of them, Claude and Marie-Louise Guillon. They both spoke English very well. As a matter of fact, he had been a liaison interpreter from the French army to the British army in France in 1940 and had gone through Dunkirk with the British unit to which he was attached. I'll get to his story in a moment. As I say, they both spoke English quite well and were very pleasant, and Marc and I caught each other's eye. And just as plainly as if one of us had spoken it aloud, we said to each other, "We can't let these people get away." So we all walked down together. I don't remember, but I think we walked towards the Residency, the palace of the governor general, and had quite a nice talk. Then, if I remember correctly, she suggested that we come to their apartment for tea. I think we did so on that initial occasion; certainly we did many other times, for meals and visits.

They had an apartment right in downtown Rabat. Although they were both genuine French from the heart of France itself, they were not quite typical, because he, certainly, and I think she, was a great winter-sports enthusiast--skiers and so forth. He used to ski a great deal; and being a young man of some means before the war, he had skied all over Europe, all the skiing spots there. In

connection with that, both of them, for instance, liked things like raw carrots and other things of that nature that one doesn't ordinarily think of the French as eating. At their home, one would have hors d'oeuvres consisting of, among other things, raw carrots and celery--things, as I say, that one doesn't think of as typically French.

He had traveled a great deal, and so had she. She had been a representative of a Paris couturier--I don't remember which one--and traveled in the colonies for this fashion house, selling their line. She had been traveling in Morocco, out more or less in the desert outposts of the French army, where there were French army officers' wives, at the time of the fall of France. That was how she happened to be in Morocco: she had gotten caught there and wasn't able to go home to France.

He had been in the French army with the British army, had gone through Dunkirk and gotten into England. Well, the English, obviously, at that time had plenty on their minds and plenty of mouths to feed without worrying about an extra Frenchman and others like that. So they shipped a good many of the Frenchmen off to Morocco. I don't know whether [it was] officially or not, but in effect he was out of the French army by then, back in civilian clothes, and was not functioning in the French army, certainly, when he was in Morocco.

He did go back in later, not long after Marc and I

and our outfit left Morocco. He went back into the French army and was with the French army in Italy. He looked me up there once, although we didn't happen to be very convenient--we weren't in the same area very much--and then later, in France. When I was in Paris just after the war, he had not yet gotten home from the military service. He returned while I was there, and I saw both Claude and Marie-Louise in Paris after the war.

We enjoyed going to their apartment. Of course, we would snatch a little food from the mess here and there to take with us. They may not have been quite typically French in all respects, but they were in one respect: and that is, they just could not comprehend the peanut butter that we brought them. They couldn't seem to imagine anybody wanting to eat peanut butter. So we learned to bring them other things instead. They had a friend to whom they introduced us, a young man, who was there occasionally when we were visiting them. [He] was half-French and half-Japanese; and because the Japanese at this time were officially our enemies, the Counter Intelligence Corps (the CIC), I think it was called, in the army had its eye on him as a potential threat. As far as I could see, he wasn't any threat at all. I don't remember what he did.

He spoke very good English also. His was more an American English than theirs, perhaps. He claimed to have learned his entirely from the talking movies. I guess

both Claude and Marie-Louise had studied it in school and then talked with English-speaking people in their travels and so forth. I don't remember whether or not, except for his military time, they had been in England themselves, traveled there and visited there.

During the time that we were stationed in Rabat, I saw a good deal of the Guillons. On one occasion, they took us to meet an Arab friend of theirs. They knew an Arab family who lived in the native quarter. There were two young men in the family, an uncle and nephew who were almost exactly of an age. The nephew, though it wasn't that he was more Europeanized, didn't live in the native quarter. He was a librarian at the National Library of Morocco and lived somewhere near the library, which was, of course, out in the governmental part of town. His name was Larbi Bou Helal. His uncle Taïbi Bou Helal was, I believe, officially the head of the family, being the oldest male in the line of descent or something like that.

He [Taïbi] was the sort who perhaps would not ordinarily have come into contact with the American soldiers there. In talking with them [the Guillons], he had said that he would rather enjoy meeting one or two if they were the sort who could, as it were, speak his language, you know, who were more or less on a plane with him in education and background and so forth, not just some ordinary GI. So they suggested that they bring Marc and me to

visit him.

Well, in those days the native quarter was off limits. But both of us working in the headquarters knew the provost marshal perfectly well, and we got passes. Practically everybody else in the headquarters could get passes to the native quarter if he wanted them; there wasn't really much trouble about that. So we got permission to go to the native quarter. I guess it was on a Sunday, although I don't remember. We went with Marie-Louise and Claude, first to Taïbi Bou Helal's office.

The family had a carpet manufacturing business or something of that nature. It's all hand manufactured, and there was a plant where the weaving was done; and then adjoining it, there were various rooms that I suppose were offices, accounting and things like that. He had a rather plainly furnished room, and we were shown in there. He was sitting at a desk at one end of the room, which was fairly large and not very full of things. We walked across the room, and he got up, and we were introduced to him. He spoke excellent English and said that he was delighted to meet us for no other reason than he was hoping that maybe we could get him some newer New Yorkers than the one he had. The outbreak of the war had cut off his supply of New Yorkers, and all that he had were a couple of years old. He had some of them on his desk there. He had been, I guess, a fairly regular reader of the New Yorker. In the

course of time, we were able to get him several American magazines of one sort or another.

We had a nice visit with him. He showed us the workmen at work making the rugs. I say weaving, but it wasn't, as I remember, a loom setup so much as what we would call knotting and tying or something like that. At any rate, they were at work on these native-style rugs. And then we all walked to his house, which was not far away--again, as I say, within the native quarter. I don't remember now whether he had a key or whether there was some servant who opened the door when he approached. At any rate, the door was opened; and as he stepped over the threshold, he called out something in Arabic--which, I gather, was sort of a warning or announcement to the women of the household that men were coming in. There was some scampering of feet and things like that, and the women disappeared. During the time we were there, we could sometimes see eyes peeking at us through doorways and internal windows and things like that.

Then we went to a room in the house and had sort of a high tea. As you know, they have this Arabic tea which is very sweet and very heavily flavored of mint. I don't remember the situation a great deal. It was a rather long and narrow room, and I think there was sort of a built-in bench around most of the wall. And then on this there were huge cushions and pillows and poufs and things like

that, mostly covered with native materials of one sort or another, on which we sat. I don't remember now whether [it was thus] in that room or not, but in some of the rooms I was in in Morocco, one of the prominent features at one end of the room would be a very large and elaborate brass bedstead. I guess they were late Victorian or maybe French Second Empire brass beds with six or seven or eight mattresses on them. The mattresses were piled very high, so that if they were actually going to be used as a bed you would have to do quite a little climbing to get into them.

As I remember, there were one or two other occasions when we saw Taïbi Bou Helal. On one occasion I do remember, he came to the Guillons when we were there. I think it was that occasion when Marc and he and I left the Guillons' apartment together. Ultimately we had to part, going in different directions, but for a ways our paths led along the same streets through Rabat. Well, he wore--I think the name is a caftan--a native garb that reaches from the neck to the ankles, a very simple sort of thing. One could see his feet, of course, both when he had been sitting in the room and also on the street; [and] I can't remember whether they were saddle oxfords, but they were Western-style shoes of some sort or other. And although a good Moslem shouldn't smoke, he did. He wanted a cigaret while we were walking down the street, so he stopped and reached down, grabbed the hem of his outer garment, and hoisted

it up like a skirt. And underneath he had--I don't know whether they were really plus fours, but they were a pair of European-style trousers. He reached in the pocket of them, and took out a packet of cigarets and a packet of matches, and let the caftan skirt drop again; and there he was the complete native once more.

AXE: Did you ever go to the library with...?

CARPENTER: Not with him, but with his nephew, Larbi Bou Helal. I don't know whether Marc did, but I remember going. We also went on one occasion to Larbi Bou Helal's home, which, as I say, was not in the native quarter but was in somewhat native style. His was certainly one of the rooms--I suppose you'd call it a living room or a drawing room--in which there was this tremendous brass bed. I don't know whether that actually was the sleeping bed for the gentleman of the house and his wife or not. Also in that room, he had a fairly large--not really a safe but a locked metal cabinet more or less of the nature of a safe. He opened that up to show us, and he had a lot of first editions of French authors. Flaubert, or someone like that, he collected particularly. He had his personal collection in there.

Whether Marc was along, I don't recall; but I also remember going to the National Library to visit him, and he showed me around there. It's a comparatively small library, but strong at least on their own arts and crafts and history of their own country.

AXE: Is it [strong] in government documents and that sort of thing?

CARPENTER: I think so, but I don't remember too clearly, I must admit. Which reminds me also, speaking of going to places like this: I also used to go to the Museum of Antiquities that they had there and got to know a couple of the members of the staff there fairly well. On one occasion--I don't remember whether I stumbled on it or whether I had seen an announcement of it--there was a gallery talk by the curator. The staff was small; it was not a large museum. This was, of course, in my very earliest days in a French-speaking country, and I was not very sure of my French; but I found that I was able to follow quite well. He was speaking about prehistory. It was in the gallery of the prehistoric stone tools of Morocco, and so there was some of the terminology with which I was not familiar. But I think I followed the lecture pretty well.

That was a Monsieur [Armand] Ruhlmann. If I remember correctly, he was killed in an automobile accident a few months after I left Morocco. He had an assistant who was French. I think Ruhlmann was French, too, but perhaps Alsatian or something like that, where he'd gotten this German-sounding name.

AXE: Were you stationed there?

CARPENTER: Yes, you see, we landed at a small town called

Fédala, and we spent a night or two there. The division headquarters was set up in Fédala in the casino--which is a very elegant word, because it was just a small wooden building, but it had been the casino of the town. Then, in a day or so, we moved into Casablanca and had our headquarters in Casablanca for a few days. I don't remember just how long; it may have been as long as a couple of weeks. (I could verify these dates; I've got the records someplace.) We took over the hotel and a couple of villas near the hotel in Casablanca and used those as the headquarters. Then, in a week or two, the division was scattered pretty widely through the countryside nearby. There's a big forest of cork oak there. Quite a little of the division was dispersed in camps in the oak forest.

The division headquarters moved from Casablanca to Rabat, and for some little time--I suppose a month or maybe a couple of months--we were stationed in Rabat. We took over at least three buildings that I can remember: one hotel for the officers, one hotel for the enlisted men, and a building, which I think had been the chamber of commerce, for offices. So we were there in Rabat for some little time, which, as I say, gave us a chance to visit the museums and get to know people like the Guillons and Bou Helals.

Unfortunately, I never got across the river to Salé, the older native town, which is much less Europeanized than

Rabat. Rabat is mostly a European city built around the outside of a native quarter. In the native quarter, there was a museum of native arts and crafts which I enjoyed visiting and which I went to various times. I guess the Guillons took me there in the first place. Unfortunately, a lot of its better stuff had been put in storage for safety during the war, so they didn't have a great deal out on display. But what they had, I enjoyed seeing.

They had a gallery, really sort of a covered corridor, which on one side was open to a courtyard and on the other side led into galleries, enclosed rooms. It was sheltered and protected enough so some materials of less importance and more durability could be out there. Hanging on the walls, they had pieces of carved woodwork of one sort or another. I suppose some of them might have been a side of a chest or something--different things on which there had been elaborate wood carving. Obviously, Morocco having quite a seacoast, there have been over the years many, many shipwrecks and things like that, or captured ships. It was a piracy center at one time, too. So it's not surprising that they should have pieces of carved wood that had come from ships.

I got a very considerable of a turn one day when sauntering in this gallery and looking idly at some of these pieces. One of them, fairly well up on the wall, was an elaborately carved piece of wood, and it had sort

of a ribbon with an inscription in it. Since I don't read Arabic, I usually didn't even bother to try and look at inscriptions, but for some reason or other I looked at this. What it said was, "Erin Go Bragh." Then I discovered that the woodwork around it had shamrocks and harps and things like this. It was broken somewhat on the edges and must have been part of some sort of a carved superstructure, or something like that, from an Irish vessel that had come to grief on the coasts somewhere along the line.

AXE: Were there bookstores there?

CARPENTER: Well, to tell you the truth, I don't remember so much about bookstores in Rabat itself. I mentioned, I think, the last time I was here, buying a book in Port Lyautey that led me to the contact with Gerald. So I do remember going into a bookstore there, and that was sort of a glorified stationery store. Well, I do remember there was one bookstore to which I went in Rabat that I can recall. As a matter of fact, I bought a manuscript there. I found a vellum-bound volume of some sort of accounts of a taxing agency in seventeenth-century France, someplace in continental France, at a comparatively modest figure. It isn't a highly significant document; but at that time I don't know that I even possessed a manuscript or anything, so I purchased that.

AXE: Do you still have it?

CARPENTER: Yes. I really ought to give it to someplace where it would be more appropriate. Probably it should go back to the part of France from which it came.

There was also a shop I do remember going into quite often in Rabat which sold small antiquities, odds and ends of textiles and chinaware and wrought ironwork and all sorts of things like that. I bought an iron door-knocker and several pieces of textiles. I formed a little collection of six or eight pieces. There are representative forms of embroidery from the different cities of Morocco, so I got one typical of Fez and one typical of Meknès, at least according to them. I don't have to take their word for it entirely, because I also eventually picked up a book on Moroccan weaving and embroidery. And from the plates one can say that this is of this style or that style.

AXE: And do you still have all that?

CARPENTER: Yes, I still have all of those, too.

AXE: Oh, how interesting.

CARPENTER: Wherever I went--this was the first place I was overseas so that it hadn't developed yet--in the course of my time overseas, I tried to get a guidebook to the local country. One of the principal guides to Morocco is a Guide Bleu. There's a French series called Le Guide Bleu, and there is one of them to Morocco, but it had long been out of print even before the war and it wasn't

easy to find.

When the headquarters moved into Casablanca we took over a couple of villas. One of them was known as the Villa Kna fou, and it had belonged to a prominent, I guess, Jewish family, which is why the Germans and the Italians had requisitioned it. [They were] newspaper publishers, I believe. This particular villa, which was the lesser of the two we were occupying, had been used by the Italian armistice commission in Morocco, who had left rather suddenly when we arrived; the house was full of all sorts of things. There were some of the records of this commission. I remember some of the personal records of the colonel who was in charge of it, some of his report cards from his firing tests. (He was an air corps colonel, apparently, and they have these tests shooting at a target from a machine gun, I suppose, in a plane or something like that; and photo records of some of his flights and things like that were there.) There were a bunch of snapshots of one sort or another.

That's where I got a very nice little library on Morocco, because they had a cultural attaché and there were a good many books in his office. Several GIs got into the villa about the same time, and a lot of them grabbed typewriters. I don't remember whether there were any Italian weapons there when we came in or not, but if there were, somebody else got them very promptly,

of course. The CIC got in there very early and went through to see if there was anything they needed for intelligence purposes. But none of the GIs who got there ahead of me or at the same time that I did cared anything about the books, so I just calmly annexed twenty or more volumes on Moroccan art and architecture and history that this cultural attaché had gathered.

AXE: Do you still have those?

CARPENTER: Yes, I still have all of those, too. One of them was a Guide Bleu to Morocco, which, as I say, was a nice item because it was out of print; and I was particularly glad to have it. Well, it had been compiled by a man named Prosper Ricard. And I don't know how I found this out, but I discovered that, although a man well along in years, he was still living and living in Rabat at the time. So I went around to see him. I think I wrote and asked if I might call, to which he said yes, and I went and had a delightful visit with him.

As I say, he was quite an older man. He was very interested to find an American interested--not in his country because he was French, although he had lived in Morocco many, many years--in the country and his book and so forth. He inscribed it very nicely for me. Of course, it was fascinating for me to talk with him. As I remember, he did not speak English; I think he spoke entirely in French.

Generally speaking--of course this is an oversimpli-

fication--the occupation or pacification of Morocco, at least in modern times, was mostly under the direction of Marshal [Louis H.G.] Lyautey, who was a French army commander in the early years of this century. Lyautey was more than a military administrator; he was officially a civil administrator, too. He undertook some civil functions, one of which was to encourage native arts and crafts and try to find markets for them and various things of that nature. Monsieur Ricard talked about that. He had been associated with Lyautey in the early days. I guess he had been sort of a cultural attaché or something like that.

There's a form of Moroccan outer garment known as a djellaba, which is equivalent, I suppose, to an overcoat. Although it may be of very good material, it's heavy and substantially woven, very warm, and it has its own integral hood which can be put over the head or thrown back. It's full length and covers one completely as an outer garment. While it certainly isn't intended to be a disguise, in an sense it serves as one. To this extent: when somebody's in a djellaba with the hood pulled down over his face, you can't tell whether he's native or European, or even whether it's male or female--practically nothing about the person except his approximate height and possibly his approximate bulk. In the room where he [M. Ricard] received me--his, of course, was a completely European style house--I sat on a chair which was wicker or something like that and had

thrown over it, as a cover, one of these djellabas. I think there were a couple of others on other chairs in the room and so forth. He mentioned some occasion on which he and Marshal Lyautey had gone, more or less in disguise, someplace to do something or other; they had worn these djellabas to conceal their nationality and identity. He said, "The one you're sitting on is the one the marshal wore that night." So, of course, all this obviously is the sort of thing that pleases me very greatly.

I was going to say another thing about shops and things like that in Rabat. I don't think, really, it was the Guillons who introduced us--I don't remember how we got to know them--but Marc and I and some of the other soldiers in the headquarters got to know other people in Rabat, French people--couples and families and so forth. On various occasions, we were in other homes. And two or three times in the homes of people there I saw paintings, and they were portrait heads. Although they were portraits of an individual, the individual was not an important person in himself. The idea was that they were native types. It was to show both the costume and facial structure of various native types.

I was very much taken with them--I like good portrait heads anyhow--so I inquired; and these people told me that it was a local artist, Louis Endres. [pronounced with a heavy French accent] These people said that Endres was

an artist who lived in Rabat and painted these pictures-- which they obviously liked, because they had them.

One day, I was walking on the main street of Rabat, which is called the Dar el Maghzen, and passed a florist shop. In the window of the shop, as part of or behind a floral arrangement, was one of these paintings. There was a little sign that said that the painting was courtesy of Monsieur Endres, and Monsieur Endres had his studio upstairs. So I thought, "This is a wonderful chance." I don't know that I had in the back of my mind that I might be able to acquire one of his works, but I thought at least I could meet him.

I went upstairs where it indicated and knocked at an apartment studio sort of thing, and a native girl maid came to the door. (In Morocco, they're called fatmas, which is, of course, the name Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet. [Her] name gets into all sorts of different things; one of the good luck symbols is known as the "Hand of Fatima" and so forth. I guess it's probably just a general word for girl or something like that, because the girls that are maids and things around the house are called fatmas.) [She] certainly didn't speak English and perhaps didn't even speak too much French. But it was apparent that I was asking for Monsieur Endres, so she led me in and asked me to wait a moment. She took me into a studio, and lying all around were bits of native costume and native jewelry

and so forth. As he told me later, many of these people would come into Rabat from the countryside, marketing or to sell or something like that, but usually they didn't come in any decent kind of native costume. He would engage them to pose, but then he would have to dress them up in the headgear or the jewelry or whatever it was that they were to wear.

At any rate, here I was waiting in this empty studio for a minute or two. Finally a door opened and a youngish-middle-aged man came in. Holding out his hand, he said, "Hi, I'm Louis Endres [pronounced in a distinct American accent] from Cincinnati." It appears that he was an American who had gone to Morocco well before the war, he and his wife, just purely, I guess, as tourists or travelers, and had been very much taken with the country, and had stayed there. He had developed this specialty of painting the native types. Incidentally, I never acquired an Endres for myself.

I think this must have been not long before we left Rabat, because I never saw him again. Perhaps if I had been able to stay there some time and had further contact with him, I might have been able to acquire if not one of the oils at least a drawing or something like that, but I never did. That was one of the delightful things.

It was very nice being in town, of course. Later we were moved out into the countryside into the oak forest

ourselves also. This meant, for instance, that, if you wanted to, instead of eating at the mess you could go to a restaurant. Of course, in those days the eating places in Morocco, and anyplace else affected by the war, were rather short of rations; so they didn't have a wide selection of foods, and they didn't have a great quantity. But it was a change from one's own mess.

There was a little French restaurant in town that several of us used to go to quite often. It was very small. It was sort of one of these "papa and mama" places--the man and his wife were the cook and principal waiter or waitress. There was also a hired waiter, who was a very tall and cadaverous looking fellow who was addressed as "Francois." The first visit or two, we made out all right with him, ordering in French and so forth and perhaps a little bit of conversation. Then something, I don't know what brought it on, but all of a sudden it came out that his name was really Francisco, and he was a Spaniard, a refugee from Franco's Spain. When he found out a couple of us could speak [some] Spanish, oh, boy! He was in ecstasy. After that, we would have to speak Spanish or try to speak Spanish with Francisco. We enjoyed going to that restaurant. There was a hotel called the Hotel Jour Hassan, and I remember we used to go occasionally to the dining room there. As I say, it was very nice being in the capital city because--not so much [because]

there were bookstores, as I've already mentioned--there were stores of one sort of another, and artists' studios, and people to meet and to visit. I did enjoy my stay in Rabat very much. [tape recorder turned off]

AXE: You were going to tell about the Guillons and the heavy books.

CARPENTER: Yes. The only thing further about the Guillons and the book business was that even though I was in a headquarters and had much more facilities for transportation than the ordinary GI, nevertheless I couldn't carry very much with me. So when we left Morocco, I left almost all of the books that I had acquired there with the Guillons; and in the course of time, they sent them home to my parents' address. As a gift, they sent me a different book when I was in Italy. Of course, they also knew other GIs and were able to get things mailed through the army post offices and things like that. So eventually they mailed to the United States for me all of the books that I had acquired there.

As a matter of fact, among other things that we had done was to visit a bookbinder in Rabat.

AXE: Oh, a Moroccan bindery.

CARPENTER: Yes, a Moroccan bindery. From having visited this binder with me, they [the Guillons] knew which styles of bindings I liked and that sort of thing. So when I got home and went over the books that they had mailed here for

me, I found that they had taken two or three of them that were paperbound and had had them bound in contemporary Moroccan bindings, which are very nice. That was very nice of them, of course.

The Prosper Ricard Guide Bleu to Morocco that I mentioned, I did keep with me. It's a small book. I don't know whether I thought I might want it or just why I kept it; but, anyway, I did keep it in my field desk. Later, during the Italian campaign, we had a period when we were in very heavy rains. It was a very difficult situation. Our headquarters--we were in the field at the time--was usually a sea of mud and all that sort of thing. Unfortunately that book got a little mudstained. I managed to clean it up pretty well, and I suppose that you can say that those stains on it are legitimate war wounds. But of course, I'm sorry that the book isn't in as good condition as it was when I got it.

Of the ones that were sent home--I don't remember whether this happened in Morocco or in the shipment home in the hold of a ship or what--one or two of them got a little mildew on the cover. Mother took them to the Southwest Museum. Dr. [Frederick Webb] Hodge was, as you know, a very courteous and charming man, and very nice to Mother. I don't know whether he himself or somebody on the staff took these couple of books and dried them out and cleaned up the mildewed portion pretty well. That was, of course, very

nice of the Southwest Museum to do for me in my absence. So I still have all of those books at home. I've added one or two or three, maybe, since the war, but I haven't been actively collecting on Moroccan art.

AXE: The one the Guillons sent to you in Italy--was that a special one?

CARPENTER: No. If I remember correctly, it was a novel of Anatole France. Did he write one called Le Petit Pierre or something like that? I believe that's what it is. One thing that amused me is that a small piece is cut out of the flyleaf. Apparently Marie-Louise wrote an inscription in it to me and at the end wrote Rabat and such and such a date, and the censor very carefully cut out Rabat.

AXE: Oh, that's very interesting.

CARPENTER: Of course, I don't know what good it did as far as censorship is concerned. It wasn't concealing anything from me. I knew where the donor was, and I don't know what good it would have done enemy intelligence to know that the book had been inscribed there long after our outfit had left Rabat. It had no military connection. But of course, the application of the censorship rules was a little strange at times.

AXE: Do you still correspond with the Guillons?

CARPENTER: No. As I said, by the time I got to Paris to go to school after the war, although [they were] still in the army, they had returned to France. He was still in the

French army and was not in Paris. It must have been when I first got to Paris. I think it was about late October of 1945. She hadn't gotten there either, because I remember going to visit Claude's father. He had given me his father's address.

The family was quite well-to-do. They had some sort of a papal concession. Copyright is not the word I want and monopoly isn't quite it, but they had more or less the monopoly or patent or something on the production of a certain kind of ecclesiastical candle of some sort or other, and this was quite lucrative. I think Claude's mother probably was dead. I don't remember her at all. I know that I didn't meet her, and I don't think she was around. I think she must have been dead for some time. I went out, I think it was to Neuilly, one of the suburbs of Paris, and met the father, and spent an evening, and had a nice visit with him.

Then somewhere later along the line, Marie-Louise came back, and I saw her occasionally. I'm quite sure, if I remember correctly, that before I left Paris, Claude had returned, and I saw him once or twice. But I really didn't keep up with them anywhere near as well as I should have after the war. They had talked about, and I was hoping, that perhaps they would come to this country and that I might someday see them here. They wouldn't know my address now. But I think I was still in touch with them at the time

I first went to work at the Huntington Library soon after the war, so they might think of me in that connection and might show up. I still hope--not exactly hope, but wouldn't be surprised someday if they called me out to the front office and here are Claude and Marie-Louise.

AXE: Are they contemporaries in age?

CARPENTER: Well, they're contemporaries of each other, and I would say they were perhaps just a shade older than I. I don't know; they might be sixty now, something like that.

AXE: You said after [the war] you went to school. You didn't go to school in Paris, did you?

CARPENTER: Oh, yes.

AXE: To the Sorbonne?

CARPENTER: Well, yes and no. As soon as the war was over, as you may remember, there was a great rush to get the men home and all that sort of thing. Of course, it wasn't possible to ship everybody home simultaneously, either from the point of view of transportation or from the military situation. It had to be done gradually over an extended period. So all sorts of things were done to amuse and entertain and occupy the time of the men who were still there, who had not yet returned home. Some of these things had started before the end of the war, but there were division newspapers and there were division football teams. Different size units in the army had their papers, and their

sports events, and all sorts of things of that nature.

Then, also, there was a very big program. There was a section of the supreme headquarters, I guess it was of SHAEF [Supreme Headquarters of Allied Expeditionary Forces], called Information and Education, known as I and E. It involved opportunities for the GIs who were qualified to go to European universities, on all sorts of levels. Of course, it was primarily for men who already had enough education to get some advantage from it. If it was a university in a non-English-speaking country, to do anything on any sort of advanced level, you would have to have some command of the language. It did include universities in the British Isles, and men who didn't have any foreign language could go there.

Also, in the universities in Italy and France, for example, for the men who didn't know those languages, they had a special program. These various universities and schools, in cooperation with the American authorities, would set up a program in which the men were supposed to study the arts and culture and language of the country. Of course, that was organized on--I don't mean it unkindly--an elementary basis for the non-French- or non-Italian-speaking person. For instance, in the case of France, they would be taken on tours of the chateau country and they would be given lectures, primarily in English. But I think [there was] some attempt to give them at least

elementary French.

These programs were all sorts of things, practically everything under the sun. You could almost have one tailored to you if you asked for something special; it wasn't necessarily the established academic universities. I remember these things would come out in the form of what we used to call "poop," which was usually mimeographed or printed or reproduced material information of one sort or another, information bulletins and announcements and so forth. There would be all sorts of these pieces of poop circulating from higher headquarters that would say "on such and such a date applications will be received for so many openings in this and that." I can remember one of them was a school in London, [or] someplace in England, training for firemen. To qualify for that, you already had to have been a fireman before you entered the service. Then there was the royal dramatic school of art, or something like that, [offering] courses in acting. I know there was one fellow in our outfit who was interested in acting who went off to that. Of course, [there were] Oxford and Cambridge and all the rest of them, too, but [in addition] there were these specialized schools. You could, as I say, practically set up your own program. I know one GI who made some arrangement to go to Paris and study ballet which consisted entirely, as far as I could see, of just attending all the performances of the ballet

he could get to, or something like that.

AXE: What was your special school?

CARPENTER: Well, I have always been interested in the great English universities, and I thought it would be just wonderful to have an opportunity to go to Oxford, even for a brief period. These were set up on comparatively brief periods, and in most cases there wouldn't be any expectation that it would last as long as a school year. Normally you would expect to be shipped home by then.

Incidentally, I'd better back up and say that the reason I was able to be involved in it is that I had forfeited my chance to go home. There was a point system, which I won't go into now. You had a certain number of points for each month overseas; and a certain number of points for each battle star, which meant the number of engagements in which your outfit had been engaged and officially recognized; a number of points for each decoration; and a number of points, I think, for each child you had at home; and so forth and so on. I didn't come in on that last category, but on the others I did. I'd been overseas as long as anyone, had gone over in the initial landings in North Africa. And although I had never fired a shot in anger, my outfit had been in on so many battles that I had a lot of battle stars. And I had, I guess, one decoration or something.

At any rate, the end of the war, V-E Day, came in

Augsburg when I was in the historical section of Seventh Army. I was one of, I think, six men in the army that had the highest number of points. So I was eligible to return immediately. As a matter of fact, they arranged for some sort of plane, and they were going to fly home, with a great flourish, immediately the six or eight men who had the highest number of points. They got in touch with me to say I could leave tomorrow or whatever it was, something like that--it was all in a big rush--and I said that I didn't want to go. This created quite a stir in the historical section. One of the other men in the section was so mad at me, he wouldn't speak to me for some days. Then it occurred to him that if I didn't go, he would go one man sooner, so he finally forgave me. I was having such a good time and having so many opportunities to see things and do things that I didn't want to leave as yet. Of course, as every week went by, my score was more and more outstanding. Not that it increased, but they got lower down in the number of points that it required to go home, so I could have gone at any time. But I said that I didn't want to, so I stayed several months longer than I needed to, which was why I was able to take advantage of some of this schooling.

So getting back to where we were, I thought it would be very nice to go to Oxford, and I was sort of watching for an opening from there. Then it occurred to me that

since I did know enough French to make out in a French university, perhaps the thing to do was to go there and leave Oxford for the GIs that didn't have any foreign language. I don't remember now just how it worked out.

Incidentally, by this time I had gone back to the headquarters of the Third Infantry Division; I'd transferred back to my old outfit from the Seventh Army headquarters. I was in the section of the headquarters to which this poop came initially, so I saw it first. My boss, who served as the I and E officer for the division, said, "Anything you see, you grab and you can have it." Something came along for the University of Paris, so I signed up for that. It was to be from the first of November of 1945 for two months. The university school year, if I remember correctly, opened about that time. They made arrangements for us to go to Paris somewhat sooner--I think we got there about two weeks ahead to the opening of school--and we were billeted in the Cité Universitaire on the southern edge of Paris. This Cité Universitaire in peacetime consisted of buildings and pavilions of a great many countries. Different countries would build buildings there to house and entertain and help their nationals. Well, of course, except for, I think, a few Scandinavians during the war there were practically no foreign students at the University of Paris; so some of these buildings had been put to different uses.

When the American forces came to Paris, we took over the United States building, the Maison des États-Unis, and we took over the Japanese building, too. Other countries perhaps took over some of the others. By this time they had had it arranged for dormitory use again, so we lived in the Maison des États-Unis at the Cité Universitaire and had a mess there. I think that the reason they sent us to Paris about two weeks before the school year started was so we would get the running around madly in the flesh-pots of Paris out of our systems before the school year began.

We were all still soldiers in the military, so it had to be set up so that we were on some sort of an assignment basis. It was called the 5,829th Student Detachment or some such [actually 6,871st], you see, and our orders put us on temporary duties with that. There was a commanding officer. He was Major Ian Fraser, who, if I remember correctly, in civilian life had been a French professor at Columbia. [He] had been in and out of France for many years, and knew French very well, and knew lots of French people, and had academic connections in France. So he was able to arrange practically any setup you wanted. When you first reported for duty, you had an interview with him, and he asked you where you wanted to go and what you wanted to take.

Well, you asked me about the Sorbonne. You know that the University of Paris is made up of several colleges, the

way, say, Oxford is. It differs markedly from Oxford in that one college, or one part of it, by far overshadows all the rest; and that is the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne is perhaps 80 percent, or something like that, of the University of Paris. But it isn't the whole thing. As it wound up, I took two courses, one at a school of the university and one at a different institution which I'll mention. So I never actually took a course at the Sorbonne. However, I registered at the Sorbonne in order to get a carte d'identité, a little bit like a passport sort of thing. So I have this carte d'identité from the Sorbonne for that school year, but I didn't actually take any classes there.

Another school of the university is the Institut d'Ethnologie which met in the Museum of Man--the Musée de l'Homme--and the staff of the Institute of Ethnology was the staff of the Museum of Man. They had announcements in the calendar for the school year of a course on bibliography of ethnology given by the librarian, Mademoiselle Yvonne Oddon, so I signed up for that. I'll come back to that in a minute.

The other course I took was at the École du Louvre, which is not part of the university at all. This was a course in the history of museums given by Germain Bazin, who at that time was something like assistant curator of paintings at the Louvre, later became the principal curator, and is quite [an] important figure in French museum life

in the war and postwar years. He gave a very good course in the history of museums.*

Our orders were extended at the end of December. It was supposed to be November to December, but they extended it through February. So we got two more months, which gave us four months, which gave us most of the French school year but not completely. Fortunately for me, he [Bazin] had his lectures mimeographed. They were not available ahead of time--you couldn't get them as a substitute for attending or follow them as he delivered them--but eventually, after they had been given, they were available.

You bought a ticket, like a ration ticket, which had places to tear off or to punch a hole in; and every once in a while, he would announce that "Lectures one to four are now available." There was an office in the École du Louvre where you could go and pick them up, and then they would mark your card to show that you had them. By the end of the time, you had used up your card and had the complete set of lectures. I got some of them.

Then I had met in the class an American girl named Nan Chase. Her husband, Peter Chase, was some connection with the American Embassy. He was a civilian, not in the service, and I guess they had just arrived. She was taking this course. So I left [the] unused portion of

*The material of this course was later published by Bazin as a book, the English version of which is The Museum Age (New York: Universe Books, 1967). [E.H.C.]

my card with her, and she got the rest of them for me as they came out and mailed them to me. So I have the complete course in mimeograph form, even though I did not actually hear the last four or six lectures myself. But I enjoyed that very much.

AXE: Now that's the Louvre course.

CARPENTER: Yes, that's the Louvre, the École du Louvre.

AXE: Did you finish the ethnology?

CARPENTER: Well, in one sense I didn't complete the course, because I didn't last out the whole school year there. Just let me get back to that in a moment.

One other thing I did was to take another course at the Collège de France. Now the Collège de France is, I suppose you'd say, the capstone of the French educational system. Certainly a professorship at the Collège de France is the highest that a French academic can aspire to. They're very prestigious appointments. But it's a very-- I don't know that I should say informal, because it's probably rather formal--strange sort of setup. It's roughly equivalent to what I suppose we would call in this country "adult education." In other words, courses are offered, and anyone may attend. There are no prerequisites or qualifications; you just walk in and attend the lectures. You get no credit for them in the American university sense. There's no record and no credits or anything like that. In effect, it's auditing lectures

by a prominent authority in whatever the field may be.

The great French prehistorian, l'Abbé Henri Breuil, was to give a course in prehistory. I couldn't resist that, of course, and so I went to that quite regularly during the time I was in Paris. Actually I got to know the abbé personally through another channel that I'll mention, but I enjoyed that course very much, especially since it was the first time that he had made any public description of the discoveries that had been made at the caves at Lascaux during the war. He had visited them, but because of the war situation they hadn't been really reported on as yet; and it was very nice to hear his account of that.

Getting back, finally, to the Institute of Ethnology: as I say, the course in bibliography of ethnology, or some similar title, was to be given by Mademoiselle Yvonne Oddon, the librarian of the Museum of Man. Of course, she was just a name in the catalog to me; before the course began, I didn't know anything about her. So I showed up for the first session as it was scheduled. The classes were held in a small auditorium, or meeting room, in the Museum of Man. I was reasonably early, and there were half a dozen or a dozen people gathered, I guess. As I remember, I was the only American. There was a Frenchman in uniform; the rest were in civilian clothes and were, generally speaking, younger people, college-age students.

[The] Frenchman in uniform had been wounded in some way; I think he still had an arm in a sling or a cast or something like that.

So we were all standing around in this room waiting for the time to begin. The door opened, and a very brisk and pert and short, not very old, woman walked in and started to walk up to the dais or desk at the front of the room. She sort of looked at the group as she went by, and she saw me and turned and came over to me and said, in English, "You're not going to take this course, are you?" And she said, "Are you a graduate of an American university?" And I said, "Yes." And she said, "Well, then, you already know everything I'm going to say. I'm just going to try and teach these Frenchmen to put down the date and place of publication when they mention a book. I know what the standards are. I'm a graduate of the University of Michigan library school myself." So, of course, as it turned out we had a wonderful time.

She had just gotten back from [a] concentration camp in Germany. She had been one of the very early leaders or people active in the Résistance, so early that they didn't even know how adequately to cover their tracks and they were very easily captured. She had spent almost the whole war in concentration camps in Germany. She was, I think, in rather poor physical condition and, having just gotten back, was not inclined

to want to give very much of an organized course, since she had so many threads to pick up and recuperation and so forth. As a matter of fact, she hadn't wanted to do it at all; but, I suppose because of shortage of teaching personnel, they had sort of forced her into announcing the course, at least.

The way she worked it was to turn it practically into individual projects. Each student took a bibliographical project, and worked on it himself, and came to her on consultation basis. As I remember, she didn't really give any particular lectures at all--which, of course, didn't make too much difference to me because, as she said, no doubt I would have known pretty much of what she was going to say. Most of the students hung around the Museum of Man and used the library, and since she was the librarian there and had her office there, it was easy enough to see her. I got to know her quite well. She would invite me around to--I was going to say her apartment, but it wasn't her apartment.

Now, here we have to go on another digression. When I first showed up at the Museum of Man, I met various persons--[André] Leroi-Gourhan and some of the others that were on the staff. Different ones would say to me, "Have you met Monsieur le conservateur de préhistoire yet?" I would have to say no, because he was away on some sort of a trip and I hadn't met him, the curator of prehistory.

I had met his assistant, a Frenchman, who was very pleasant. And everybody was wanting for me to meet Monsieur le conservateur. So finally the day came when I was in the museum, and the assistant encountered me in the hallway. "Ah, Monsieur le conservateur is back, and he would love to see you. Do come to the office." So I came down to the office, and the assistant led me in and said, "Monsieur le conservateur, ici Sergeant Carpenter," or something like that. And the man at the other side of the desk got up and said, "Hi, I'm Harper Kelley." [laughter] Of course, I'm telling this as if it came as a complete surprise to me. I'm sure that I knew already that his name was Kelley. I could hardly have helped but know who he was.

He was an American who had gone to France in the First World War as a soldier, as a GI, in some outfit. I think it was [the] Forty-second Division, but I don't remember for sure. [He] had liked it there. I don't know whether he got interested in prehistory while he was still in the service, but at any rate, he stayed in France after the First World War and studied prehistory under the Abbé Breuil and became an authority; [he] stayed there, and took a job, and eventually became the curator of prehistory at the Museum of Man.

I don't want to go into too much detail about the whole story of his situation during the war. When the

war first broke out, it was purely a European war, [and] he was not directly involved. He had been there during the beginnings, at least, of the German occupation. He had an apartment, and he just put a sign on the door, "American Citizen" or something like that, and it was respected.

Then, when Germany and the United States were at war, he had to leave. I don't know whether he was allowed to leave without any problem particularly, or whether he did have to sort of get away by an underground channel. He had already been helping the underground and using his apartment as a refuge or station for the underground railroad for smuggling allied fliers out of occupied Europe and so forth. This [was the] underground circle Yvonne was in. She had been captured fairly early, but they weren't all, so some of them kept on and were people he knew. They were mostly staff members of the Museum of Man [and they] used his apartment during this period. They were unable to do so after he left, because when the apartment became that of an enemy alien, the Germans seized it.

A German official and his wife were installed in the apartment. Of course, when the Germans abandoned Paris, this official and his wife left. They took with them, I think they said, most of the pots and pans and most of the bed linen, or something like that, that they

felt they needed, I suppose. But Kelley didn't feel put out about this particularly, because, in exchange, they left behind a German stove they had installed. It was so much more efficient than French stoves that you could get a great deal more heat with the very minimal rations of coal and wood and things like that that were available in Paris in that winter of '45-'46.

He managed to get back almost immediately. He had left France and come to the United States, and during the war--he was far too old for military service by that time--he spent the period that he was back in the United States at the Peabody Museum in Cambridge [Massachusetts], at Harvard, reorganizing some of their displays of prehistoric material or something like that. Somehow, he was able to get back practically on the heels of the retreating Germans and get back into his apartment. So he was back that winter.

The Abbé Breuil had an apartment in the same building. So did Yvonne Oddon and a young woman with whom she shared the apartment who was a physical anthropologist. She worked at one of the Paris hospitals, but not in a medical sense. It was anthropometry, that sort of thing. She was particularly concerned, I think, if I remember correctly, with the problems of twins. She measured twins, and kept records on them, and traced their growth and their development and things like that. I don't know just exactly what

it was. Unfortunately, at the moment I can't think of her name. She was a delightful person.

The four of them pooled their resources, their fuel rations and their food rations. They had supper every night in Kelley's apartment and then spent the evening there--until the time to go to bed, when the girls would go back to theirs and the abbé would go to his--because it was warm. It was much better heated than almost any apartment, you see. So I was quite often invited there, both for occasions when there were just the four of them, and also there were a couple of occasions when they held--it's not too glorified to say "parties." They would hold parties and invite quite a few people. And of course, among the people they were inviting were people who had been active in the underground in one way or another.

Incidentally, Yvonne's apartment mate had continued active in the underground during the war, during the whole occupation of Paris. She happened never to have been caught, so she was in Paris all during that period and was active. As a matter of fact, I think she was the secretary to the minister of the interior in the underground government, or something like that. It's certainly a shame I can't think of her name. Of course I have it at home.

AXE: Not Vichy?

CARPENTER: No, the shadow government, the underground

government. As a matter of fact, that, if I remember correctly, was Jacques Soustelle. I remember meeting him at one of these affairs at Kelley's apartment and various other people who had been active in the Résistance. Of course, this was a great period for them; they were sort of unfolding a now-it-can-be-told basis. They were establishing contacts with each other, because before they often hadn't even known who each other were. Now, of course, it was possible to say; and they found who it was that they had been dealing with and passing messages to or from or various things like that; and it was quite lively.

I thought it was a little too bold to just sit there and out-and-out take notes with a pad on my knee; so about every half-hour I used to excuse myself and go to the bathroom and frantically write down some of the points, things that had been said and the names and the things that came out.

AXE: And do you still have these notes, bathroom notes?

CARPENTER: Yes.

AXE: Or are they privy?

CARPENTER: Oh, dear, Ruth, my. Oh, yes, I must have. You know me, I never throw anything away. I must admit that I don't know that I could put my hands on them instantly, but yes, I do have them.

AXE: Oh, this is important.

CARPENTER: Then, of course, [there is] another thing that ties in with this, and I know I've got this because they are visible and I know where I can spot them. It also was a period, you see, when two things happened. They were able to come out from underground just after the war. The other thing [that] happened was an easing of the restrictions on printing and publishing--of course, easing the German censorship, obviously, but also easing the rationing of paper and [a] more available supply. So everybody was rushing into print with his reminiscences of the underground, you see. So I spent hours and hours in Paris going around to the bookstores.

Initially, what I was doing was sort of compiling a bibliography, and then it occurred to me, in the words of Gilbert, "such an opportunity may not occur again." In other words, I might make a bibliographical note of these books, but it might be difficult to find them in the future after they'd gone out of print. So I began buying them. Most of them were quite modestly priced for the pay that a GI had. I was a technical sergeant at the time--the next to the highest noncommissioned rank--which had a very good salary with it; and even though I sent a good portion of that home, an allotment home, I still, compared to the average Frenchman, was very well off financially. So I was able to buy practically anything I wanted to in the way of these books. So after starting with bibliographical

notes, then I began buying the books; and I do have quite a collection.

I concentrated particularly on the battle of Paris, the liberation of Paris, Paris during the occupation and so forth, but then other accounts of the Résistance.

I have sixty or seventy titles, something like that.

Almost all of them, of course, are paperback; I guess perhaps they're all paperbound. So I do have those.

They're in the bookcase immediately inside the front door when you come in, so I could lay my hands on those.

The notes that I took, I'm sure I do have. So in answer to your question, yes, I went to school in Paris.

AXE: Oh, well, it's most interesting. And what was the decoration you received? What was that for?

CARPENTER: Oh, well, for being a good boy, I guess.

AXE: Good Conduct Medal?

CARPENTER: Yes. Eventually I got a Good Conduct Medal, but the first one I got was the Silver Star, I think it was.

Incidentally, I meant to say [something else] about this program of education under the department that was known as I and E. What many GIs did was to go from one school to another, often on proper orders, and sometimes not quite proper orders. I don't know whether many of them literally forged orders, but on their own they would just go off to something else. This was known as

riding the I and E circuit. So a lot of GIs were riding the I and E circuit, which I didn't do, in the sense that I quit when my initial period was up.

The situation there was that the orders were extended to the end of February of '46, but then they finally clamped down and said that everybody who was eligible to go home had to go home. If you wanted to stay, you had to take your discharge there, be discharged in France or whatever country you were. You could stay on a civilian basis.

I didn't particularly want to do that, especially since the folks were getting a little restive. I'd been away over four years, you see. Although they were delighted in my having an opportunity to see things and do things and all of that, everybody else's son that had survived the war was home. Mother, of course, particularly was getting a little restive, so I decided to come home. And so I did come at the end of February. I didn't try to ride the circuit any farther.

I was going to say, in addition to all this schooling and other things, of course, lots of decorations was another thing being done. Also, there was great inter-allied bonhomie in those days, so the governments were passing out decorations to each others' GIs. I hope it won't disillusion anybody, but this was done on sort of a ration basis. In other words, a piece of poop would come

from army headquarters, and it would say, "Twenty Orders of the Red Star"--or whatever the Russian decoration is called--"twenty croix de guerre, and twenty-some British decorations are available for Seventh Army. These are assigned on the basis of two to division headquarters, five to such and such division or corps, five to such and such corps, three to something else." Then the appropriate people would put in recommendations. This was when I was still with the Seventh Army Headquarters.

AXE: Who put in the Silver Star recommendation?

CARPENTER: Well, headquarters broke it down so we had one Order of the Red Star for the historical section. I don't know how the colonel chose it, but at any rate, that went to one of the men who had been a jeep driver in the section. He got the Order of the Red Star. Then somewhere along in there, they also were giving out American decorations, too, and I got a Silver Star.

Another not exactly advantage but aspect of giving these out was that each decoration gave you points. So a man who was just on the verge of having enough points to go home, of course, was very anxious to get a decoration because that might give him enough points to push him over. Well, I didn't need the points, but for some reason or other, they gave me this Silver Star. In one sense, I'm a little unhappy, because very soon after I got the Silver Star, we got another ration; and the historical

section had one croix de guerre to give out. Well, the colonel didn't feel, since I had just gotten a decoration, that he could give it to me; so he gave it to Sergeant [William] Bancroft, who used to work for the San Francisco Chronicle before the war. I think I might rather have had the croix de guerre, but I didn't.

Of course, as a former member of the Third Infantry Division, the whole division had been awarded the croix de guerre in World War I. We wore the fourragère that goes with it on our uniforms. Also, our insignia, the Third Division insignia, was keyed to three of the great battles of the first war, particularly the ones in which the French were involved--Chateau Thierry and Argonne and Aisne-Meuse. Of course, this went over big with the French. So I had the accoutrements of a croix de guerre even though I don't have an individual one.

AXE: And how about Gerald McDonald? Was he decorated?

CARPENTER: I don't know whether Gerald ever got any decorations or not, because in the later stages of our military career we were separated. The outfit I was in went to France; he stayed in Italy. As I told you before, he was a highly skilled cryptographer, and he stayed with whatever section or headquarters he was with, and they stayed in Italy. I think it quite likely that he must have been given some sort of an award eventually. By the time we got together again after the war, I guess it never happened to have been mentioned. Wait a minute. Come to think of

it, I didn't get the Silver Star. I got the Bronze Star, which is a notch lower, which was a very routine sort for anybody that had kept his nose clean.

AXE: You came home and went where and did what, Ed?

CARPENTER: Well, in a sense, I cut my own throat by staying as long as I did. If I'd only agreed to leave, I think, as little as a week sooner, I would have gotten home faster, because they discontinued flying the GIs home. So that meant that I had to come home by ship rather than fly, which took longer. That's a whole hegira in itself: of going to--I almost said concentration camp.

AXE: The point of embarkation?

CARPENTER: Yes. There's a word in American army usage that I can't think of at the moment for the camps where personnel were collected and processed.* It meant going to this camp, which was called Camp Top Hat, on the outskirts of Antwerp; and then you had to wait for available shipping. Then, eventually, you were aboard a ship. We came back on a Victory ship and docked in New York. I could see the skyline and things, but all I touched of New York was one dock. We docked on one side of a pier and we came down the gangplank, walked across the pier onto a ferry boat, and went over to New Jersey to Camp Kilmer.

Then from there, we came across the country by train.

*The phrase I wanted is "replacement depot"--which we used to call "repple depple"--though I am not sure that is the correct designation for Camp Top Hat. [E.H.C.]

It started out as a troop train. It was made up so that one or two cars would be going in the direction of Chicago, and one or two cars would be going in the direction of New Orleans, one or two cars for the Pacific Coast and so forth. As these cars dropped off, the composition of the train would change. I suppose for more than halfway across the country, we were just one or two troop cars on a civilian train, and [we] ate in the civilian diner. Earlier, we'd had [a] GI mess car on the train. So I didn't get home until, I think, early in April of '46.

It was too late to do anything about the school year, of course, in the United States. A school year was just drawing to a close then. Of course, I went to the UCLA campus and renewed my contacts with the professors under whom I'd been studying.

AXE: And that was in anthropology.

CARPENTER: Well, no, primarily in history. I had been minoring in anthropology. At that time, the UCLA anthropology department was very small. There were only two men in it: Dr. [Ralph L.] Beals and Dr. [Harry] Hoijer. I wanted to take further work with them, which I did eventually. But I wasn't quite so much in anthropology then as I came to be later. My major field was history, and I had been working on my doctorate in history.

AXE: Was it at this time that you founded the UCLA [Anthropological] Society?

CARPENTER: No, that had been before I went into the army.

AXE: You founded the society of anthropology.

CARPENTER: Yes, the UCLA Anthropological Society. That must have been perhaps '39 or somewhere back in there. But I don't think I'll go into detail about that now. In answer to your question, I just spent the summer at home.

AXE: Was it at this time that your mother suggested or initiated your collection of Indian illustrators?

CARPENTER: No. That didn't come till much, much later; that's well postwar. I started the Indian illustrators in the 1950s.

AXE: Postwar. Wasn't this postwar?

CARPENTER: Well, yes, this is immediately postwar. But I mean it was ten years or more before I began collecting the Indian illustrators.

AXE: Oh, so now you're back at UCLA.

CARPENTER: Well, not yet. As I say, I came back in the spring of '46, and I didn't do anything during that summer. (Now I would dearly love to be able to remember how this worked, how I made this contact.) Overseas there was all this talk about missing Mom's apple pie, or something like that, you know. I had found that the thing I missed was books and the availability of a reference library and things like that. I'm sure that there was some reason why I had decided even before getting out of the army and coming home

that I would look into the possibility of work in rare books or library work or some such thing. Even before the war, I had been quite a little influenced by Lawrence Clark Powell at UCLA. This had, no doubt, quite a little to do with it. I know the person who told me, but how he happened to know it and why he happened to tell me, I don't know. John Caughey, who later became my major professor after Dr. [Joseph B.] Lockey died, told me that there was an opening at the Huntington Library. I don't know whether he wrote on my behalf, or phoned, or I went out; but anyway, I went to the Huntington Library sometime during the summer of '46. They had an opening primarily as attendant at the desk in the rare-book reading room. I thought, of course, that would be an excellent introduction to rare books. I was not qualified to offer myself for any particularly important position in rare-book work. As a matter of fact, quite frankly, I'm sure that I had in my mind at that time that it was an experiment to find out what the rare-book world was, and what it involved, and whether I liked it, and whether I'd be suitable. So I thought that would be a very good introduction. I took that position and held it for just a shade over a year, I think about thirteen months.

I had begun my doctorate under Dr. Lockey, who had been for a long time one of the professors of Latin-American history at UCLA. Although it was Latin-American history,

his heart was in Florida history. He came from Florida. This, of course, could qualify as Latin-American history because he was a specialist in what's known as the second Spanish period. (The Spanish discovered and colonized Florida; but in 1765, they surrendered it to the British, and there was a British period of twenty years. Then, in 1785, Spain got it back from England. The second Spanish period was 1785 till the United States took it over about 1819 or '20. He was an authority in that period of the second Spanish occupation of Florida.) I had expected to do my dissertation in some subject within that area.

While I was overseas in the army, he had had some sort of stroke or health difficulty and was in very poor shape. He had returned to teaching but on a rather minimal basis. The university had made some arrangement whereby he could continue to teach his graduate seminar; and also, very liberally it seems to me, the university made the arrangement that (he wanted to retire to Florida) he could do it in Florida. They said that those of us who had begun with him--which was primarily Bernard Bobb and Dick Murdoch and me--could go to Florida and study with him in Florida but be registered at the University of California. It would count as being in residence and so forth.

Well, I don't remember what Bernie Bobb's reaction

was, but Dick Murdoch was all for this. He was making the arrangements to do that. But I couldn't quite make up my mind whether I wanted to or not. I didn't particularly want to go there. To be blunt about it, I have no particular interest in Florida except possibly as a dissertation topic. But modern, contemporary Florida--I didn't particularly care about spending time there, especially leaving my parents again after having just gotten home from being away from them for so long. So I was very much of two minds as to whether to do this or not.

The problem was solved for me by the fact that practically as soon as he got back to Florida he died. So this situation never opened up [and] I didn't have to make up my mind whether to go there or not. So I registered again in the fall of '46 at UCLA. The other Latin-American history professor on the faculty there--they'd had the two for many years--was Dr. Roland D. Hussey, but he was on leave to the State Department, and he wasn't expected back for about another year.

To handle Latin-American history in his absence and Dr. Lockey's illness, they had hired someone else; Madaline Nichols was her name. She's an authority on the gaucho, and a very competent woman, and a perfectly good person, I would think, under whom to start a doctoral program. Of course, I'd already begun the doctoral program. I had all the preliminaries out of the way, but I hadn't begun

my dissertation. [She was] a perfectly suitable person under whom to begin working on a dissertation, except that, of course, she knew and everybody else knew that her appointment was temporary. In other words, she was a replacement for Dr. Hussey primarily, and when he came back she would be leaving.

Well, it did seem a little difficult to work under her for perhaps a year and then switch to him. So what all three of us did--Bernard Bobb and Dick Murdoch and I--was to switch to John Caughey, who was not officially Latin-American. His field of graduate study was California history, and his was a seminar in California history. He agreed to stretch its boundaries enough to take in three wandering Latin-Americanists. So we all started work under him.

AXE: To interrupt--now, was this the time you met Mr. Wagner? You knew him earlier.

CARPENTER: No, I knew Mr. Wagner earlier because, you see, I had been taking Dr. Lockey's seminar since 1937. I graduated from UCLA in June of '37, and started my graduate work, and immediately began taking Dr. Lockey's seminar. As you probably know, the seminar of a man who has doctoral candidates is not supposed to be repetitive, so one can take it time and time again. They wouldn't allow you to repeat a lecture course, at least not for credit, but a seminar you can. So I took Dr. Lockey's

seminar without interruption from September of 1937 until June of 1941, when I left to go into the army. I had four years of it. Then I had Dr. Caughey's seminar for some time after the war. I could probably narrow it down if I checked on some angles, but it was during that period between '37 and '41 that I met Mr. Wagner. Dr. Lockey used to invited him to come occasionally to the seminar. He didn't come very often, but I can remember at least twice that he came.

One time Dr. Lockey invited him particularly because the evening was on Chilean historians. There was a young woman in the seminar whose name I don't remember, and she was not one of the stronger members. She was competent, but one wouldn't expect one of her reports to be tremendous. (The meetings of the seminar, after the first one or two to get things under way, consisted of a report by a member of the seminar--not Dr. Lockey himself, although he made comments. He guided you outside the seminar hours in preparing your paper and then made comments when it was delivered.) This girl was going to speak about Chilean historians, and that seemed particularly appropriate to Dr. Lockey for Mr. Wagner. So he invited Dr. Wagner to come, and he did. Whether that was the first evening I met him or not I don't remember.

It was the custom [that] Dr. Lockey kept quiet for the whole evening until the very last. He might say a

word or two of some sort at the very beginning; but then almost immediately that the seminar started, the person that was to give the report took over, and was the star feature of the evening, and gave the report. Then, as soon as the report was over--it was supposed to run about an hour--there was a break for about ten minutes. Then we reassembled, and the other members of the seminar criticized the paper, commented on it and criticized it. The person who had made the preceding report had precedence, the first crack at making the criticism. Once he had made his comments, then it was free-for-all, and it was anyone who wanted to. But everyone in the seminar was expected to make some comment and have something to say about the paper. After all the students had had their say, Dr. Lockey would say something. Often, he wouldn't say very much about the paper, but he might make some comment. If there was a guest, as there was on this occasion, he would ask him before he said anything.

So after the girl had given her paper, and we had a break and came back, there were the comments from the members of the class. She had spoken about the excellent school of historians in Chile, which she attributed partly to the climate. Although it's a Latin-American country, it's both far south and has high altitude, so that it has considerable temperate zones. [And there is] more intellectual stimulation, presumably, in temperate

climates than in tropical ones. After the last student had had his say, Dr. Lockey turned to Mr. Wagner, and he said, "Well, Dr. Wagner, to what do you attribute the excellence of Chilean historians?" Dr. Wagner said, "Well, I've never been particularly struck by the excellence of Chilean historians"--which took care of that evening.

AXE: He should have asked him about bibliographers and José Toribio Medina.

CARPENTER: As I say, I don't remember whether that evening was the first time I met Dr. Wagner, but he certainly came several times to the seminar, two or three times at least during those four years. So I'd met him before the war. Well, I think I'll quit now for a bit, if you don't mind. [tape recorder turned off]

I might add one little postscript to tonight's tape. While we were not on the tape, Ruth, you said that it was wonderful that the army had gotten me into the historical work for which I was qualified, or something like that. And I said that it was not entirely the virtues of the army classification system that brought this about.

When we went into the army, we had a series of tests. There was a general intelligence test, and a mechanical aptitude test, and a clerical aptitude test. I did

extremely well on the clerical aptitude test. They had a system of numbers, and each position or function within the army has an assigned number. The personnel people assign to the individuals numbers meaning that they are qualified to fulfill the function with that number. A list was posted in our basic training camp of the numbers that had been assigned to the men. Well, the number didn't mean anything to us until they were explained. A large proportion of us had the same number, which was the number for rifleman, but a few had a different number. Then a fair number had a double number, and that was the case after my name. It had the number for rifleman, and then, as an alternative, the number for--I don't know whether it was a general clerk or a special aspect of clerking--clerical work.

And that's what I got into as soon as I went to a regular outfit, the Thirtieth Infantry in San Francisco. They assigned me to clerical work, to desk work and so forth. That continued until we went overseas. I rose in the ranks and in responsibility and, when we went overseas, was the chief clerk of one of the sections of the division headquarters, the G-1 Section. So I think you can say, perhaps, that that was a reasonable functioning of the army classification system.

After we had been in the Mediterranean theater for a while, we began to get poop--which I've defined before--

about the historical section of the supreme headquarters. (The supreme headquarters in the Mediterranean wasn't called SHAEF. That was the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force, and that was Eisenhower in England at the time.) I forget what the supreme headquarters in the Mediterranean was called, but it had an historical section, and an announcement was made through poop of the creation of this section. I don't think he was the head of it, but the person I remember connected with it was Colonel E. Dwight Salmon, who had been a professor of history at one of the Ivy League colleges before the war. Of course, this interested me. Then, further poop came out with the requirements for submission of historical reports, so we were fully aware of the establishment of this section. At least some of us in the clerical fields were. So I was quite interested.

Well, my outfit was at Anzio--I didn't make the landing; I didn't come in until D-plus-ten, the tenth day after the landing--and as you know, that was a rather confining situation. We had a very thoughtful boss and, as it went on [and] we were confined to an enclave and couldn't go anywhere or do anything, [he] found excuses of one sort or another to send practically every man in the office back to Naples on ostensible army business to give him a chance at a little break, a little change, a chance to whoop it up if he wanted to. So I was sent to

do some paperwork at the theater headquarters. That was it--MTOUSA, Mediterranean Theater of Operations of the United States Army, which was at that time at Caserta.

So I went by sea from Anzio to Naples, and then by jeep, or some sort of transportation, to Caserta. I had this business at the adjutant-general's office. It involved their preparing some orders or something typewritten for which I would have to wait a while. I thought while I was waiting I would look up this historical section and see what it was like and what it was doing. They were headquartered in the royal palace at Caserta, which, if I remember correctly, is bigger than Versailles, [or] at least it's as big as. One of the Bourbon kings was going to outdo the French Bourbons, or something like that, and he built this stupendous palace.

Of course, you can imagine, when it was full of GIs, what it was like with signs stuck all over the place to this department and that office and so forth. There were signs to the historical section, and I followed these. I went upstairs and downstairs and all around this huge building. Finally, I found a door marked "The Historical Section"; so I went in. It was a fairly sizeable room. Rough wooden shelving had been built all around the room, and a staff sergeant was there, bundling up some papers and putting them on the shelves and that sort of thing.

He asked what he could do for me. I introduced myself

and said I was [from] the headquarters of the Third Infantry Division here on business and had a little time to kill, and I was curious to see the department and know what it was like and so forth. He told me a little about it and their work, in the course of which it also came out that I had been a doctoral candidate in history. So he said, "Well, I think you ought to meet the captain." So I said, "All right." So he took me into the next office and introduced me to a captain--doggone it, his name is gone now, which is a little bit a part of the story. [Harris G. Warren] At any rate, when this staff sergeant introduced me as Sergeant Carpenter, this captain said, "Didn't you have an article on Arsène Lacarrière Latour in the Hispanic-American Historical Review in 1938?" Of course, I just absolutely went through the floor. That was my first published historical thing, and it was very minor--it wasn't an article, it was a note, the sort of thing that no one but an extreme professional in the same field would know or remember. Of course, I said yes.

He was a professor of history at Louisiana State, I think, or Tulane, and this had been of particular interest to him. It involved New Orleans, and he had remembered it. So he was most cordial, and we talked a while. Finally, he said, "I think you ought to meet the major." So he led me into the adjoining room, and here was a major--I do remember his name--Chester Starr. The captain explained a little bit

who I was and so forth. I don't think Major Starr knew about my article on Latour, but he also came from one of those southern universities, and he was interested. Later he published a history of the Fifth Army.

He was most cordial, and we talked and so forth; and he said he was very sorry, that he didn't have an opening. I said, "Well, I'm not trying to get in here. I just wanted to see what your setup was and who was around and what you were doing." So he explained some more and finally said, "Well, will you at least write down for us your qualifications and your experience, and also your present rank and address and location so we can get in touch with you?" He gave me a piece of paper, and there was a typewriter there; so I sat down at the typewriter. And he and the captain went out while I was typing. Before I had finished typing, they came back in and said, "We think you ought to meet the colonel."

They had a full colonel in tow. Again, I don't remember his name, although he isn't so much a figure in the story. He was in charge of this department. I found out later that he had been in command of a regiment in the Thirty-Sixth Division landing at Salerno, and he had goofed off a little bit, not badly enough to be court-martialed or relieved of his commission or anything like that, but badly enough to be relieved of a field command. So

they had removed him from the regiment and made him the historian at the headquarters. Well, it just happened that at that time, part of my work in the G-1 Section of the Third Infantry Division was working with awards and decorations, for morale purposes to explain to the men the meaning of the armorial devices that they wore as part of their insignia. So to deal with the men in the division, I carried with me the metal insignia of practically every outfit within the Third Division. For some reason or other, I had taken these with me; I had them in my pocket.

AXE: Medals?

CARPENTER: No, not medal, but metal. The metal insignia that you wore on your lapels or on caps or something like that. In some of them, the division insignia also appeared in cloth, which was sewn on the shoulder. The units smaller than division had theirs in metal, some of which, incidentally by that time were very hard to get because they stopped making them when the war broke out. It was sometimes only the older timers that had a complete set of them, enough to have a full uniform of them.

I don't know how I happened to produce it, but I produced the one from the Fifteenth Infantry. It turned out that the colonel had been in the Fifteenth Infantry in China and had been on the committee that was appointed to adopt the insignia. He was just delighted to see this and had a long anecdote about the difficulties they had

in getting this insignia adopted. It happens to be in pidgin English, and of course the army authorities thought that it ought to be either Latin or proper English. They had quite a fight to get this pidgin English phrase adopted, which incidentally is "Can Do," which was also used by the Seabees during the Second World War.

He said that he was very sorry that he didn't have any opening, and I said, "I'm not trying to find an opening. I'm happy where I am. I just wanted to meet you people and see what you're doing." Finally we parted with great expressions of esteem on all sides. Well, they had my experience on record; and as a matter of fact, I believe that Major Starr probably turned it over to Colonel Salmon at the headquarters.

Then, when a historical section was created for Seventh Army and the theater headquarters was trying to find personnel to assign to this, Colonel Salmon had my name. So I was transferred from the headquarters of the Third Division. Actually, by mistake I was assigned first to the theater headquarters, and for a few days I classed as a member of that and was billeted at Caserta, sleeping in the stables of the royal palace. Then they got the orders straightened out, so I went to Seventh Army. And I was the first enlisted man in the historical section of the Seventh Army.

SESSION: III

FEBRUARY 6, 1972

CARPENTER: Dr. Lockey's seminar was certainly one of the major elements in my experience in college and one that I'm very glad to have had. I think I got a great deal out of it, and so did almost all of the other people who took the seminar. I think perhaps [I should say] a word about Dr. Lockey himself, although I'm not going to go into him very much. Joseph B. Lockey was on the faculty at UCLA in the history department before I came there and had been for some time. I don't know just how long. This is not the point to try and retrace his career, both because I don't know it particularly, and also if anyone is interested it would be easier to find it more accurately elsewhere. He was a Southerner from Florida.

One of his first experiences in education had been in Peru. He had some sort of a supervisory capacity in educational services in Peru. Well, he may have known some Spanish before he went there, but [that is] where he perfected his Spanish--with the result that he spoke Spanish with a Peruvian accent. At the time that I came to UCLA, he was one of the professors of Latin-American history. Dr. Hussey was also teaching in that same field.

For some reason or other, I felt I wanted to take as an elective the upper-division course in Latin-American

history. The prerequisite was the lower-division course in the history of the Americas, the famous Bolton course, which at UCLA at that time was given by Dr. Caughey. So I took that, which then qualified me for admission to Dr. Lockey's upper-division course in Latin-American history. I think it was called History 162. At that time, there was a course for history majors known as 199, a senior course that was sort of a protoseminar. It was individual work and writing a research paper of your own. It was the beginning of training in doing research and writing.

AXE: That was in the forties?

CARPENTER: No, this would be in the thirties, because I entered UCLA as a junior in September 1934 and graduated in June of 1937. I took three years to complete my junior and senior years because I started with an English major but added a history major, and [I] took an extra year and completed the full number of units for each major. I graduated in two departments, which is why it took me three years to do what would normally have been the last two years.

It seemed to be understood after I took Dr. Lockey's undergraduate Latin-American history course that I would go on with him, so I took my 199 from him. As a matter of fact, during my senior year, my second senior year, I attended his graduate seminar as a guest. I don't remember whether I went regularly every week or only occasionally,

but I know I went several times before I actually was eligible to enroll in it. Then, as soon as I became a graduate student and started work on my master's in September of '37, I enrolled in Dr. Lockey's seminar. A graduate seminar was not like an undergraduate lecture course that you cannot repeat for credit. A seminar you can. It was customary to take, each semester, the seminar of your major professor, the man under whom you expected to do your doctorate. So I took his seminar for credit--I was registered in it--for the school year of '37-'38, '38-'39, at which point I got my master's degree. Then [I] started on my doctorate and went right ahead in his seminar in the school years of '39-'40 and '40-'41. At the end of the school year in June of 1941, I was drafted into the army, so that terminated that particular period. I later went back to UCLA to finish my doctorate. By that time, however, Dr. Lockey was very ill and very soon after that died, so I did not take his seminar further.

Perhaps the first thing to say about his seminar is to describe the overall way that it worked. Many professors run seminars rather loosely and allow the students to work more or less on whatever topic seems suitable to them--with the professor's approval, of course. The topics may be quite unrelated to each other and only within the general field of the period or area in which the seminar is supposed to deal. We had a fair amount of choice in selection of a

topic but Dr. Lockey wanted [the students] to work in areas that were fairly close together. The main reason for this [was], I think, that each student would have some idea of the problems and the bibliography involved in the other students' papers. In other words, we were doing papers on topics closely enough related so that there was a fair overlap in the research materials that one used, particularly documentary sets. So, in criticizing another person's paper, you were sometimes in a position to say, "Haven't you overlooked the report by so-and-so in such and such a source?"

Each semester, there was, as I remember, one report from each student. We would take a round, each member in the seminar, on a closely related period or theme. Usually the first semester of the school year, it was in the exploration or discovery or early colonial period in Latin America. Often it was the discovery and exploration period. Each member of the seminar would be doing a paper on one or another of the early figures. Then usually in the second semester, the round was on, perhaps, the late colonial period or more apt to be the revolutionary period in Mexico or Central and South America. So we might each be doing a paper on a national leader or battle or incident in the revolutionary wars, which were reasonably close together. [Thus] one had some idea of the materials that the other person was, or should have been, using. I think

perhaps that's enough on the overall way the seminar was organized.

Perhaps the next thing to say is about one's individual preparation for giving a paper. Of course, I don't need to go into the fact that this mainly consisted of doing your research and reading. Very, very rarely was any of this based on true original source materials. It usually was based on good secondary materials and on a certain amount of primary material in the form of published documents of one sort or another. I won't go into that particularly. [tape recorder turned off]

One started out by looking over the subject and the material on it and roughing it out. When you had it pretty well in mind, you prepared an outline of the subject, and brought it to Dr. Lockey, and discussed it with him. I had the experience myself each time that I was about to give [a] report, but actually I saw a good deal more of it because, as Dr. Lockey's research assistant, I worked in the same office with him and was often present when other members of the seminar came in to discuss their outlines with him.

This is not a touchy point exactly, but [there was] one thing that I never quite understood about Dr. Lockey, or with which I didn't quite sympathize, perhaps; and that is that he was firmly convinced that any subject in the world fell naturally into a five-point outline. The

first point would be the introduction; and the second would be the development of the theme; the third would be the main part of it, the principal presentation; the fourth would be the winding down of the theme; and then the fifth the conclusion, or something like that. He made it rather difficult for anybody who planned to outline the topic in anything other than five points, in four or six or whatever it might be. I don't know that he ever gave anyone a bad grade just because his outline wasn't in five points, but everybody understood that if they expected to go over very well with Dr. Lockey, they'd better somehow get their outline into five points. As one might imagine, after you got used to this idiosyncrasy of his, it was surprising how many times the thing really would work out to five points.

But as I say, you would prepare a draft of an outline, and bring it in, and privately, before the seminar, discuss it with Dr. Lockey. Then, when the two of you had agreed on an outline, you went ahead and prepared a presentation of your paper on the basis of that outline. At the time you made your presentation, you had prepared a copy of the outline and of a bibliography for every member of the seminar, or everyone who was present. (In those days, there weren't the convenient reproduction techniques, like Xerox, that we have now. They were mostly done by multiple typed copies, either you yourself, or you paid a typist to

prepare four or five or six copies at a time and do this two or three times.)

I haven't mentioned the size of the seminar, and I don't want to speak with any confidence on it, because I don't remember it too certainly. Usually there were about eight to ten people enrolled in it. So with Dr. Lockey and possibly a visitor or so, that meant you needed about a dozen copies of your outline and bibliography.

AXE: And of the members of the seminar from time to time, varying in the different semesters, can you remember any of the members?

CARPENTER: Oh, yes, of course I can. Now, I had intended, before talking this over with you, to get out my files from the years I took these seminars and actually work out a list of the principal people present, which I haven't been able to do. But I think I can discuss the manner in which the seminar was conducted without using those names particularly. This is not to be taken as any sort of a record.

There were several people who were in more or less the same position I was. They took the seminar time after time. Those expecting to finish doctorates under Dr. Lockey included Hal Bierck, and Dick Murdoch, and Bernard Bobb. I think those may be the only ones beside me that were actually embarked on a doctoral program with Dr. Lockey. But there were others before my time. When I first began attending the seminar, one of the regulars was

Robert Frazer. Andrew Horn was taking his doctorate in medieval history under Dr. [David K.] Bjork, but he was very fond of Dr. Lockey and of his courses, and was quite a faithful attendant, and I believe actually was registered in the seminar almost all of the time that I was as well. There was a fellow named Dan McGarry, and, of course, there were several young ladies, too. I don't know that I can think of names for them at the moment.

Of course, the backbone of the seminar was either actual or potential doctoral candidates. There were a certain number of master's candidates and a certain number of people who were candidates for secondary teaching credentials. They were apt--I don't mean this unkindly--to be the weaker members of the seminar. On occasion, somebody would wander into the seminar and take it who was really not competent to hold up the pace that we had set. Of course, two things happened. Sometimes these people dropped out. I remember more than one occasion [when] people dropped during the middle of the semester--which, of course, is not as common in graduate work as it is in undergraduate work. The other thing is that the word had sort of gotten around that Lockey's seminar was a pretty tough course. So generally speaking, the seminar consisted pretty well of fairly high-powered people, and as I hope I'll make clear, a pretty rough-and-tumble session each time.

I've already mentioned the fact that you had prepared your outline and bibliography for the session [at] which you held forth. There was only one person a time. I have attended seminars in which more than one report was given in the course of the afternoon or the evening, but in Dr. Lockey's case, there was only one per meeting of the seminar.

In those days, it met in a room on the third floor of the old library building, which is now the undergraduate library building [Powell Library]. (The room has now-- at least the last time I was there two or three years ago-- been remodeled by having a wall knocked out to make it a larger room, with some other adjoining room, into a lounge for the library staff.) At that time, it was a seminar meeting room, across the hall from Dr. Lockey's office. Dr. Lockey had a key to the library; so that meant that the seminar did not have to break up by ten o'clock, which was closing time in the library in those days. We usually did break up pretty soon after ten, but we didn't have to absolutely hurry ourselves to be out by then.

Incidentally, I suppose this is as good a point as any to mention, since I've spoken of night, that the first seminar I attended of Dr. Lockey's was at night. It was Thursday nights. The other one that I attended most, that of Dr. John Caughey--under whom I finished my doctorate

after Dr. Lockey's death--which I took for more than the one year, also met at night. It never seemed natural to me to attend a seminar during daylight hours. I understand that some, at one time or another, have been held in the morning, which would seem to me pretty awful. But I did register for and take other seminars that were held in the afternoon. I suppose some people would consider it an advantage rather than a drawback, but I was going to say the drawback [of an afternoon seminar] is that people may have other courses scheduled or have to get to dinner or something afterwards, so you can't keep on indefinitely; whereas in the evening seminars, it's only the discretion of the professor or the patience of the students or something like that that controls how long it goes on.

Let's get to an actual meeting when a person is going to give a report. In this room up on the third floor of the library, there were four or six tables shoved together to make one great big table in the form of a T. The person giving the report had one end entirely to himself, the whole top of the T, as it were; and Dr. Lockey sat at the bottom of the T. If there were any visitors--I don't think there was ever more than one at a time--the visitor usually sat with Dr. Lockey at that end of the table. The other members of the seminar were arranged up the two sides. Usually the end position on each arm of the T was held down by one of the more senior members of the seminar.

As the seminar started, or even a little bit before, you would put at each place a copy of your outline and your bibliography. The seminar met, if I remember correctly, at seven-thirty, and it began quite promptly. You were supposed to start out by discussing your bibliography very briefly, to make some comment on it and perhaps pick out two or three of the individual items about which to say something as to their nature or their usefulness--or perhaps their disappointing nature, if it turned out not to be as suitable as you thought. Usually this getting started and comment on the bibliography was supposed to occupy about fifteen minutes. So by quarter to eight you were supposed to settle down to start out to present your topic.

As I will say in a moment, but let me make it definitely clear, you had not written anything out. This was not a written paper to be presented. This was to be presented impromptu. You could have a typewritten or handwritten outline. That is, in addition to the official outline that you had, you could have a further one of your own with some additional notes on it. But the idea was to do it with as few notes as possible beyond the actual outline that you presented officially. Certainly one was more highly thought of in the seminar if he could give his paper entirely from his outline without having to rely on any further notes. Of course, in a paper delivered

orally in this way, one doesn't quote as much as he would in a written paper. But if you knew you were going to want to make a specific quotation, you might either have it written out on a piece of paper that you could read, or perhaps even have the book with a marker in it there. There was nothing wrong with having a book or two with you from which you might read out a short passage. But as I say, you were supposed to speak from your outline impromptu.

Nothing was prescribed exactly as to the length, but it was pretty well felt by everyone that you should speak at least an hour and not more than an hour and a quarter. Practically any one of the seminar reports fell within the range from an hour to an hour and a quarter. So you would start about quarter to eight, and you would finish anywhere from quarter to nine to nine. Unless there was something terribly drastic, there was no interruption in this. If you were the reporter that night, you had the floor to yourself uninterruptedly to make your presentation.

As soon as you finished, there was an intermission of about ten to fifteen minutes. There were restrooms on that same floor and places where one could step out for a breath of air if he wished. Then the seminar would resume.

Here again the pattern was very rigidly fixed. The

person who had given the preceding report was entitled to commence the discussion. He would start out giving his criticism of the talk that had just been given. It was an advantage to be first, because everybody was expected to make some intelligent criticism, and obviously everybody had roughly the same criticisms in mind; so the sooner that you got to speak your piece, the more chance you had of contributing an original criticism rather than just repeating what other commentators had said.

Now, the criticism was quite searching. I don't remember any occasion [when] anyone took it personally at all, but it was certainly rough and tough, and one had to have a comparatively thick skin. Of course, there was favorable criticism; often there would be good comments. But of course, there were many that were not so favorable. The other members of the seminar were entitled to criticize any aspect of the presentation--the research that lay behind it, or gaps in the research, the organization of the topic, the presentation of it, the organization aspect of the presentation, and also the sheerly verbal aspect. (I'm afraid, for instance, what I'm saying tonight doesn't speak too well for my training in Dr. Lockey's seminar, because there are too many hems and haws and grasping for words.) The ideal in the seminar was to flow along very smoothly without hesitations. The grammar, pronunciation, everything was subject for evaluation and criticism.

There were several of us in the seminar who were hawks, as it were, on the subject of split infinitives. Everybody in the seminar took notes on the paper as it was being given, and every time the speaker split an infinitive, you could see the pencils of at least three or four of the members of the seminar adding another tick to the little scoreboard that they had on their scratch pad in front of them. Some of the people whose ear was not acute said that they didn't see how we could hear split infinitives, how we noticed them in verbal presentation; but if that happens to be your "bag," as you might say, one does hear them. So they were commented on along with everything else.

Well, that is about it in the matter of the presentation of the paper. As I say, you were expected to speak from an hour to an hour and a quarter, and after the breather the class met again. After the first person made his criticism, then it was a free-for-all, and you leaped in as quickly as you could, in order to get in your criticisms early in the game. Dr. Lockey practically never said a word during all of this. Sometimes he might say something in conjunction with one of the remarks made by a member of the seminar, but usually not. Usually he didn't say anything until after everyone else had finished, and often not in that case other than just a very general remark. If he felt that the comments that had been made by the members of

the seminar covered the case adequately, he did not add any particular further criticism himself.

He might then also ask for any comment from a visitor, if there were visitors. I don't remember too well how common this was. It wasn't very frequent. As I've already said, when I was a senior, I visited the seminar myself several times, if not weekly; and during later years, when I was a member of it, there might be other oncoming seniors or other people who came in from time to time, although not very much. Occasionally there would be a visiting scholar of some sort.

It was at Dr. Lockey's seminar that I first met Dr. Henry R. Wagner. He came as a visitor on more than one occasion, I'm quite sure. I remember one very definitely, and I think, during that course of four years that I took the seminar, there were perhaps three or four occasions when Dr. Wagner was a guest. That was the time when he was still active enough to be out. He was, of course, driven--a driver brought him to the campus--but he was able to come up the stairs to the third floor and to partake of the evening's session. Particularly if it was a subject having to do with something like Chile, in which he had both interest and expertise, Dr. Lockey was very apt to invite him.

So as I said when we first started on this, I'm very grateful to have had this experience, because it certainly

was good training. Without meaning an unkindness to other professors, I think it was better than practically any other seminar that I ever took or of which I have heard. [It trained] you not, perhaps, to think on your feet, because it was based on studying you had already done. It wasn't pulling something out of your mind right at the moment. But nevertheless [it trained one] in the initial organization of a subject, and then the oral presentation of it, and certainly standing up and slugging it out, both in answer to your critics or when you were criticizing somebody else's paper.

AXE: Were the speakers scheduled, or did you volunteer?

CARPENTER: It was scheduled. It had to be worked out each semester, and I don't remember that there was any necessary sequence among the students, although once the pattern was a little bit set, it tended to be the same. If you were near the beginning of one sequence, you'd be near the beginning of the next sequence, so that you wouldn't be too closely or too widely spaced.

It seems to me that the continuing members of the seminar, especially when a summer vacation intervened, used to pick their topics at the end of one school year, before the next year started. That would mean that there would be somebody ready to give a report by about the second or third meeting of the seminar. Otherwise you'd have to sit around and twiddle your thumbs while everybody

did research, and then everybody would be ready to make a presentation at the same time. There were those, of course, who would like to give up their other courses for a while and concentrate on doing this and do it fast. So they would be glad to give a paper soon, where others who wanted to spread it out would rather be a little later. As I remember, it worked out very well. I don't remember in detail. But there was an overall scheduling. I think that often a senior member or two of the seminar would be working on their papers ahead of the beginning of the semester, so that they would have something to present fairly early in the semester.

AXE: Have you thought of any other visitors?

CARPENTER: No. To tell you the truth, I can't remember anyone else by name. I don't think that any other members of the history faculty attended. It was probably a matter of protocol among the professors that you didn't sit in on each other's courses. Of course, several members of the department would be present for doctoral orals and things like that, but not for seminar meetings. I just can't, at the moment, remember any other visitor by name, other than Dr. Wagner. Of course, it's probably not very tactful to the ladies that I can't think of any of them.

AXE: Was there a Marie McSpadden, or was she in Dr. Caughey's seminar? I know she was doing her work on [William A.] Leidesdorff, so it must have been Caughey,

I imagine.

CARPENTER: Well, that would most likely be Dr. Caughey who handled the California history, but I think not at the time that I was taking it from him, after the Second World War. She would probably have been somewhat earlier, at the time that I was not in Caughey's seminar.

AXE: No, she was at a later period, in the forties.

CARPENTER: I don't place the name.

AXE: She came to the house several times, and Dr. Wagner visited, I guess, Dr. Caughey's seminar then, too. I think it was about the time [Wagner] got his [honorary] doctorate, in '47.

CARPENTER: Yes. Well, it wouldn't have been Dr. Lockey's seminar, because Dr. Lockey died about the summer of 1946.

AXE: Yes, and this was California history, anyway.

CARPENTER: Yes. I think that one of the persons who was in the seminar when I very first took it was Marion Parks, who was also at that time known as Marion Parks Partridge.* I take it you recognize the name. Of course, she was active in local history around here.

AXE: Oh, yes. Not only that, but she was Mr. Wagner's assistant when he prepared the gala for the Historical Society of Southern California in 1935 for their fifty-year celebration.

*She was then married to Nelson Partridge. [E.H.C.]

CARPENTER: Yes, she was active in the affairs of that society. She was also a research assistant of Dr. Lockey's.

That was the way I worked my way through my graduate years, at least the ones before the war. After the war, I had the GI Bill. But before the war, for those four years, I was a research assistant. Not to Dr. Lockey alone: there were about five or six members of the history department who had research grants, most of which were not very large; so in order to achieve some results, they pooled their resources. And Dr. Lockey and Dr. Caughey and Dr. [Louis K.] Koontz and Dr. [Roland D.] Hussey and Dr. [Charles] Mowat--I think those were all; there may have been someone else--put their research grants in a common fund. Dr. Lockey, incidentally, put up 50 percent of it. He had a bigger grant than any of the rest of them. It was sufficient to pay the salary of a full-time research assistant. That was Marion Parks Partridge up until June of '37. But she wanted, for some reason or other, to give up the work. So an arrangement was made that she would drop back from being the full-time assistant to being a half-time assistant, and I took a half-time position.

For a short while, she and I split the position between us. But very shortly, she decided to leave entirely, and so she resigned or pulled out in some way. And instead of my taking full time, which I didn't want, the other half of the job was given to Harold Bierck,

who, I've already mentioned, was also working under Dr. Lockey. So then for three or four years, Hal Bierck and I each held down half of a research job. Since the bulk of the money came from Dr. Lockey, of course the bulk of the time went to him; and his office was the place where the work was done. He, being a senior man, had a larger office with more space than the other members of the group; so we kept the materials in his office and did our work in there.

It was mainly transcribing documents, often in photostat form, that were borrowed on interlibrary loan from the Library of Congress, photostats of documents from European archives. Our work consisted mostly of transcribing and sometimes translating those. And of course, there was a good deal of proofreading involved, because we would read the transcription back against the original with the professor or someone else.

AXE: You came back to campus after the war, when?

CARPENTER: Well, I came back physically about April of 1946. I got out of the army, I think it was, in February or March. I visited the campus, but it was then too late. The semester was half-finished or more. It was too late to register for that particular semester. I don't think I wanted to, anyhow, exactly. But I saw Dr. Lockey at that time.

I think I've already told you that there was a proposal

that he retire to Florida, and the university was very liberal in saying that Murdoch and Bobb and I, the ones who were farthest along with him, could actually go to Florida and be officially in residence at the university. I don't remember about Bernard Bobb, [but] Murdoch was quite willing, if not anxious, to do this. I wasn't sure whether I wanted to or not and was having a little hard time making up my mind during that summer, after the end of that school year. But during the course of the summer, almost as soon as he moved back to Florida, Dr. Lockey died; so that made it unnecessary to think of that as a program any further.

Then I just went back and reregistered at UCLA and took Dr. Caughey's seminar. His was one of the seminars in which the topics presented had no necessary relation to each other, so the fact that there were three of us-- Bernard Bobb and Dick Murdoch were in it, too--giving papers on Latin-American subjects rather than on Californiana didn't make any particular difference.

AXE: His seminar was conducted in quite a different style?

CARPENTER: Yes, I think so, because there was no coherence in the papers from one person to the next. Everybody worked on a topic in which he was interested, which meant that you weren't able to criticize somebody's paper as closely as you had been in Dr. Lockey's seminar. You might not have the faintest idea of his sources, or

the ones that he might have missed, or something like that. You hadn't been working in the same area at all. Of course, obviously you can make some criticisms of a presentation, because you can certainly say whether a person puts it over to you or not, whether he makes it intelligible, and whether he seems to have covered all the aspects of the subject. You can point out omissions and things of that nature. And of course, you can certainly still count the split infinitives, although I don't believe we did that in Dr. Caughey's seminar.

AXE: Did you get your doctorate under Dr. Caughey?

CARPENTER: Yes.

AXE: When was that?

CARPENTER: Let's see. In June of '49. I came back in September of '46 and I got the degree in June of '49.

AXE: It may be interesting here--I don't know whether I should put this on or not--but Mr. Wagner at one time owned the Leidesdorff papers, and knew a great deal about Leidesdorff, and was about to write an article himself on Leidesdorff, and turned these papers over to Miss McSpadden, not the Leidesdorff papers per se, because he no longer had them in his possession, but his notes on them and so forth. Then--I can't remember for sure, but if I recall correctly--she got married and moved to Arizona and never completed her doctorate.

CARPENTER: Well, I may have encountered her, but I don't

place the name.

AXE: He never heard any more about the papers, but he did visit the seminar several times, and she came to the house several times. Well, then, Ed, after you got your doctorate, you went into library school right away, didn't you?

CARPENTER: Yes. As I guess you know, I've never been particularly interested in teaching. The feeling, generally speaking, was that if you got a PhD in history, there wasn't anything you could do except teach history someplace, which I didn't particularly care to do. So I had been giving some thought to the possible alternatives to teaching. At that time, there were some positions for historians in the National Park Service and perhaps some other government agencies. There were a few historians employed by private industries of one sort or another. I was thinking possibly in terms of trying to find something in an area such as that. During my last school year, before I completed the doctorate, I had several conversations with Lawrence Clark Powell, the UCLA librarian, whom I had known for some time. He recruited me into library service--which wasn't difficult, because, of course, when I was overseas during the Second World War for a considerable length of time, I found that the thing I missed was not Mom's apple pie but access to a good research library and that sort of thing.

I was interested in getting into work with rare books.

Before I finished the doctorate, I had already spent a year working in the rare-book department at the Huntington Library, obviously at the bottom of the ladder at that time because I was completely without experience. But that was the idea. I took the job for experience [and] to find out what rare-book work was like. After that sample, I felt that it was something that I wanted to get into.

So when I was about to finish the doctorate at UCLA, Powell said to me that he was trying to establish a university archive on the UCLA campus--there was already one at the Berkeley campus--and he would be interested in taking me on in that position if I were interested. He said it would take him a year to get the position established and in the budget, but on the other hand that would give me time to go to library school. Of course, he knew me, and he said as far as he was concerned, it didn't make any difference whether I had a library school degree. He knew what I could or couldn't do and what my potentialities were and so forth. But, as he pointed out, in a state university or anything approximating civil service, this sort of thing became a union card and practically a prerequisite. [So] it really would be desirable to have a library school degree.

I had the GI Bill on which to go to school, [and] I assumed at that time--the principal library school in California was, as it still is, the University of California

at Berkeley--that anybody who went to library school in California would go to Berkeley. I made some reference to this to Powell one day, and he said it didn't make any difference to him. He said that USC was all right as far as he was concerned. As he said, the degree is more or less a union card, and he was going to evaluate me or any other potential employee on their own record and background. As long as they satisfied the formal requirements of library training, he didn't care from where the degree came.

He said, as a matter of fact, "If you want to go to USC, which will mean you can continue to live at home and stay in this area, I'll give you a job on Saturdays at the Clark Library if you want." That was fine, and that worked out very nicely. I went to the USC library school in the school year of '49 and '50--the summer session of '49 and the school year of '49 and '50--and got my master's degree. During that same period, I was working Saturdays at the Clark Library, which, of course, gave me further rare-book experience and also satisfied some of the library school requirements for practical experience.

AXE: Somewhere in here, during the forties, didn't you work at the Huntington?

CARPENTER: Yes, when I came back from the service in the spring of 1946. In the fall, about the beginning of the school year, I went to work at the Huntington Library in the rare-book and manuscript reading room, which at that

time was staffed by the rare-book department. [I] had also registered at UCLA to go on with my doctorate. But by the end of that year, I had realized that getting the doctorate would be a slow procedure if I did work at the same time. It was feasible, because of the GI Bill, that I work on the doctorate without employment at the same time. So in September of '47, I registered again for another school year at UCLA, [and] then about October of '47 I resigned from the Huntington Library staff in the rare-book department.

After graduating from library school in June of '50, I went to the UCLA library staff, as had been arranged. But for reasons that I won't go into now, I didn't stay there very long, and by that fall I was back again at the Huntington Library, this time as an editorial assistant in the publications department. Because I had completed majors in both English and history, I was potentially useful to the Huntington, [which] was publishing a learned quarterly in just exactly those two fields.

AXE: How long, then, were you at the Huntington?

CARPENTER: Well, that time I went in the fall, again about October of 1950, and I think it was either late '52 or early '53 when I left them to go to the New York Public Library to work on Noah Webster. I can't remember whether it was just a little over two years or whether it was nearer three years that I was there. I could find out,

but I don't have it in my mind at the moment.

AXE: Then you renewed your acquaintance with Gerald McDonald at the New York Public when you went there? He was already there.

CARPENTER: Yes, yes. He had worked there many years, of course, and I'm sure he was instrumental in getting me back there. But that's a separate story, and perhaps we might leave that for another time, if that's all right with you.

AXE: Well, sure.

SESSION: IV

APRIL 16, 1972

CARPENTER: Tonight I think I'll talk a little bit about my own collection. I've been looking again into Mr. Wagner's Sixty Years of Book Collecting; and Will [William W.] Clary, who died recently, had put out his fifty years, I think. I don't have quite forty years yet, so I probably shan't sit down and write up my collections for a while. But if you want to know something about what I collect and how I got started, perhaps we might deal a little with that.

I went to what's now called Los Angeles City College--in those days it was known as Los Angeles Junior College--from 1932 to 1934. While I was there--it must have been towards the end, probably the school year of '33-'34, when I was eighteen years old--a lecture series on book collecting was given at the campus of the college. A professor in the English department named Thaddeus Brenton, who was quite a character, sponsored this series of lectures.

There were four of them. It was all [done by] Dawson's Book Shop, and I can remember that two of them were given by Ernest Dawson--they used to call him "Father" Dawson--himself. One was given by Leura Dorothy Bevis, who was on the staff at that time. And I can't remember for sure who gave the fourth talk; it may have been Eleanor Reed, although as I remember her, I don't think she would be the

sort who would be apt to speak very much in public. But I know that Ernest Dawson gave two of them, and Miss Bevis gave one.

They were a general presentation of book collecting, with actual things brought and passed around--which, of course, is a very good pedagogic technique. Certainly the bug bit me very hard.*

I had had a few books as a child and then as a teenager, but not [through] any conscious collecting. They were just what is usually called an accumulation. I began going into Dawson's Book Shop and other bookshops in the middle thirties. I don't remember too well just what I was getting. I suppose you would say I was still accumulating rather than seriously collecting then. I can remember buying scrappy things of one sort or another. I bought a little Elzevir just to have an Elzevir book. It's been rebound and badly cut down, but I wasn't critical enough at the time to know the difference--it was inexpensive. That, of course, was the time of the Depression, and things were often very reasonable in price, especially in view of Ernest Dawson's well-known custom of marking books down drastically when they didn't sell. I got many

*I have since looked up the facts on this lecture series in my diary, and find I am wrong in stating that Ernest Dawson gave two talks. The series was: Tuesday, March 1, 1932, Ernest Dawson; Tuesday, March 8, Leura Dorothy Bevis; Tuesday, March 15, Geraldine Kelly (later Mrs. Benjamin F. Kirby); Thursday, March 17, Jake Zeitlin. [E.H.C.]

wonderful things from the twenty-five- and fifty-cent tables in front of Dawson's Book Shop in those days.

I do remember getting, at that time, two items which were "association" copies. This became very much an interest of mine later, so these are the germ, perhaps, of that. Unfortunately I did not keep records at that time of the date of purchase and the price paid and so forth, so that now I do not know which of the two was the first association item I bought. They actually both were in literature rather than in the associations that I got into later, which I'll mention later. One of them was an inscribed copy of one of the plays by Henry Arthur Jones, an English playwright, and the other was a presentation copy from the American author Harry Leon Wilson. I still have them both, but as I say, unfortunately I don't know which of them was the earlier acquisition.

During this time I had gone on to UCLA and was taking history--as an undergraduate, then as a graduate student. During that period, I did a good deal of course work and seminar work in Latin-American history. I've already told you a good deal about the work with Dr. Lockey and his seminar. That seminar and other courses brought me into contact with many of the bibliographers of early Americana, such as Joaquín García Icazbalceta and José Toribio Medina and Henry Harrisse and many others of that nature. And I became rather interested in them and eventually came to

collect all of these men and others.

Perhaps my first purchase of the works of these men--it's unfortunately not an association copy--was the Spanish translation by García Icazbalceta of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, which was published in Mexico in the middle of the nineteenth century. I found it in the Argonaut Book Shop in Los Angeles on Sixth Street. I shan't reminisce now, as Ward Ritchie and many others have covered that subject thoroughly, of the wonderful sequence of old bookshops that there used to be on Sixth Street in those days. I found this thing at what was then a rather stiff price for me--something like five dollars--and I was a little hesitant about whether or not to buy it. I remember mentioning it to Mr. Wagner and asking if he thought that I should buy it. Of course, very properly, he didn't give me a yes or no, or say that he thought I should or thought I shouldn't. (I've discovered, of course, that one can practically never say this to another collector. All you can do is perhaps give him some of the elements that might enable him to make his own decision, because the purchase of anything for one's collection has to be his own decision, of course. Do I really want it? Do I really need it?) At any rate, on the basis of what Mr. Wagner said, I purchased it. One of the things that he said was that it was an extremely scarce book. He certainly was right in that, because I've never seen another copy, so it was

fortunate that I bought that one when I did.

This leads me to what became my major collecting field, in which I think I can seriously say that I am a specific collector. [This is a field] where I have tried to use intelligence and order and sequence and application in making a coherent gathering of books rather than just an accumulation. Although it is my major field and one in which I think I may say I have a pretty good collection, I never have been able to decide on what to call it. People ask me what my collecting field is, and I have a difficult time saying. The nearest I can come to it, which I don't say publicly because it's such a barbarous word, would be something like "Americana-ana."

As I said, I was interested in these bibliographers particularly of early history of the New World and of the United States and so forth. I also realized, in the late thirties, that I was never going to be another John Carter Brown, or Henry Huntington, or even Hubert Howe Bancroft, or any of the other people who were able to put tremendous amounts of money into their collections. So I decided that if I couldn't collect like these men, I would collect them, collect association items of the great collectors of Americana.

I started out with the collectors of Americana and gradually broadened--my interest, I suppose, was there all the time--this area to include the great dealers who

have been noted for handling of Americana. Some of them, like [Bernard] Quaritch, have been noted in other fields, too. [This field also includes] curators, custodians, and librarians of great Americana collections, and editors of Americana as well. Of course, many of these overlap. The editors and the bibliographers are often the same people, and sometimes the collectors [are], too. So it's the great collectors, librarians, dealers, bibliographers, editors of Americana.

In a few cases, as I'll mention later, I try and get anything I can by the person, or some of the more interesting things. But generally speaking, I haven't acquired, certainly not at any great expense, anything unless it is an association item. In other words, there are quite a few works which I am interested in and might like to have, especially newly published works, but I usually do not buy until I have an opportunity of getting an association copy. An example of this, for instance, is the biography of [A.S.W.] Rosenbach that came out a few years back, which I got from the library and read as soon as I could after it was published and enjoyed it very much. But I did not purchase one until I had an opportunity of acquiring one that had been inscribed by one of the authors to a prominent book person.

I suppose this is as good a place as any to expand a little further on this point. I'm talking about my own

collections, more or less, at present; so I don't want to go into the theory and operations of building up this collection. I want to point out a lot of what I have been able to get depends on--this is a clumsy way of saying it--availability. Some of these people are very easy to find. It's very easy to find inscribed presentation copies or books from the libraries of certain people. Others, it's next to impossible. Some of the important collectors left their collections intact in one way or another, so that they have never come on the market; and unless they form an institution which has disposed of duplicates at one time or another, or perhaps the man himself did during his lifetime, there's no possibility of acquiring a book that belonged to them.

For almost all of the people in whom I'm really interested, I have been able to find one sort or another of an association item. But in most cases, I am not trying to accumulate a large number of items. Well, for instance, take an editor of Americana like John Gilmary Shea, in the middle of the nineteenth century. I have one pamphlet or small book of his, very nicely inscribed. That's enough, as far as I am concerned. If I came across another one at a reasonable figure, I might very well buy it, but I don't feel I need any more; whereas in some other people, of course, I'd like to have more. And in a few cases, I want to have everything I can get

my hands on, which I'll mention in a moment.

This is another benefit, to me at least, of collecting association items, and that is you never have a complete collection. And also, you never have to worry or apologize about having more than one copy of the same work. After all, a man may have inscribed a hundred copies of one of his books, and if you really want and can get all of them, that's fine. I have as many as six or seven copies [of] some of Henry R. Wagner's works which have one sort of association or another. As I say, maybe I'm not correct, but I think this is perfectly justifiable within my frame of collecting. So collecting these association copies, there are four or five men for whom I try to get everything.

In [these] case[s] I extend my collecting to include nonassociation copies, too, because my chances of finding an association copy of every single one of the man's writings are next to nil, of course. As far as that goes, I suppose in most cases my chances of getting every single one of the man's writings in any form are not very good, although I've come pretty close to it in the case of Henry R. Wagner, who is the youngest of the group for whom I do "absolute" collecting, as it were.

The others in this group include one that I mentioned at the beginning of this discussion, Joaquín García Icazbalceta. I have very few of his publications. That

is probably the weakest of my men in this area, but I do have one very nice presentation copy of his. José Toribio Medina is another. I have very little Medina material and [am] particularly weak on true association material on Medina, but he is a person in whom I'm very much interested. Now there are two more in which I have very strong holdings, with a fair proportion of them being association copies. The earlier of these is Henry Harrisse. I was able, particularly in Paris during the war, to acquire some very nice Harrisse items, and [I] have been able to add to them since.

The other, most of which I got comparatively recently, is Wilberforce Eames. I had some Eames material already, but a couple of years ago, when my good friend Gerald McDonald at the New York Public Library died, he willed me his Eames collection--which, of course, improved my standing in that area very considerably. He [McDonald] had been a colleague of Mr. Eames in Mr. Eames's later years and had many presentation copies and association items of one sort or another. Actually, many of Eames's earlier writings are very scarce and hard to get, and I don't have a very strong holding. But what I have is very good, I think.

Well, I think that's enough about the--as I say, a horrible word--"Americana-ana."

In the same period that I began this, in the later

thirties and early forties when I was....

AXE: When you said editors, did you mean editors of periodicals such as [H.L.] Mencken and that type? Or what did you mean by editors?

CARPENTER: No, I was thinking more of people who have edited old manuscripts for publication or prepared modern editions of earlier works. Mencken is an interesting person, but I don't collect Mencken, for example.

AXE: Oh, I see.

CARPENTER: I gave one example whom I consider as an editor, John Gilmary Shea, who published many of the Jesuit relations and other Catholic material of that sort. While you were asking me the question, I thought of another example or two. For instance, I'd be interested in Frederick Webb Hodge, anyhow, but particularly Hodge's edition of [Fray Alonso de] Benavides's Memorial [of 1634], you see. [He is an example of] someone who took an older work, whether manuscript or printed, and prepared a new edition with annotations, often adding a bibliography and so forth.

Incidentally, mentioning Hodge, I might say that in my coverage of Americanists, I also include the anthropologists who have been particularly interested or connected with Americana as well. There are others, as I say, who have done primarily editing of historical texts, you see. That's what I mean, rather than [editors like Mencken].

Of course, some of the people that I am interested in have been editors of learned journals.

Another one for whom I happen to have a fair amount of fairly good material, a more modern man although he's gone now, is Carl [I.] Wheat, who, in addition to his own writings and collecting, was also the editor of historical publications. So that's what I mean by editors within this field.

AXE: And printers, too? Or that's a special collection?

CARPENTER: Yes, I'm going to come to that. The [point] I was just starting when you asked me a question was that during this same period I made some purchases--again hardly justifiable to call it a real collection--of general Western Americana and Californiana, and I have a small collection in that line: a few things that, perhaps, may be rarities, but most of them more or less standard things; and a small working library for my own use.

I might say, in that connection, that I have never really tried to build up very much of a working library. I know that many historians and collectors who also write have such a good library in their own home that they often don't need to leave their home to write an article or a monograph. But, as I say, I have not really tried to do that, because so far I've been fortunate in either being actually employed at or very close to a major library, and have had the resources of the UCLA Library or the

New York Public Library or the Huntington Library or something like that practically at my fingertips. Of course, I couldn't get at them in the middle of the night, perhaps, but [a large library has been] normally available to me; so I haven't felt any need to buy a set of [Joseph] Sabin, for example, or the particularly expensive things of that nature, because I don't feel that I need one on my own shelf. (Now, of course, if a nice association set of Sabin came along....) Incidentally, I know where Harris's set is, and I would love to get hold of that, but I don't think I could afford it. I think the owner would sell it, but that would be an expensive item.

AXE: Where is it?

CARPENTER: A dealer in Paris has it. Although he's a dealer, he theoretically doesn't want to sell it because he's using it as a bibliographical research tool. Of course, Harris died long before Sabin was finished, so it includes only about two-thirds of the set as it was finally published in complete form.

AXE: Does it have marginal notes?

CARPENTER: I don't remember whether it does or not. As a matter of fact, I don't remember whether I ever looked inside it or not. It has Harris's initials on the binding; I remember that [from] seeing it on the shelf. Max Besson is the man in Paris who has it, or had it when I was there. Of course, that's twenty-five

years ago; heaven knows where it may be now. I've often thought that he might be willing to trade his incomplete Harris set for a complete nonassociation set, but I've never tried for that.

The point that I'm getting at now is that I haven't tried to build up a general working library, because I would rather put the money into association copies. Of course, many of them can be used as working tools, and I often have occasion to refer to some of these. But I buy them as association rather than as working tools.

Then also, during that period, I began a slight interest in printers and printing. Tonight I'm not well enough organized to think it all out, not well enough prepared, but I certainly had met some printers in that time. [I] was aware of some of their work. I certainly must have been aware of Ward Ritchie and his work here in the Los Angeles area. I was somewhat acquainted with the Grabhorns and their work. That might have been, perhaps, from knowing Mr. Wagner and his Grabhorn collection and some of the things the Grabhorns printed in connection with him. I do remember meeting Gregg Anderson, Larry Powell introducing us, at an exhibit at UCLA on one occasion before the war. So I had a slight interest and I think had even then begun to accumulate a few things on California printers. I'll touch on that a little bit later when I get to the postwar period.

Now I've gotten up to 1941, [when] I left UCLA to enter the service. [I] was gone for five years, which made a very definite break. However, it didn't mean a break in collecting activities, because it wasn't too long after I got in the service that I was able to begin collecting, although along some new lines.

We made the landing in Morocco in November of 1942, and the section of the infantry division headquarters in which I worked was allotted a confiscated building which had been occupied by the Italian armistice commission in Morocco. Some of the other fellows that got in there about the same time I did were grabbing pistols and typewriters and radios, things like that, like mad. But none of them bothered to pick up the books. Well, the cultural attaché of that particular armistice commission had had quite a few nice books on Moroccan art and architecture, so I liberated those. I later was able to send [them] home, and I still have [them] as a small collection to which I've added a little bit on [the] ethnology and art and architecture, fine arts and things like that, of Morocco. I left some of the books that were paperbound with French friends in Morocco who had them bound by modern Moroccan binders and sent them to my home later.

Of course, by this time, I was an inveterate collector. I also have the librarian's mind for accumulating

a run of something like a periodical and making sure that I have each successive number and they're in order. Of course, I began collecting the Stars and Stripes. I was in the Mediterranean theater, which was an area where editions stopped and started with great frequency, some editions running to only two or three numbers. So I had a field day. I was not in the position to get some of them, but I was able to get a great many; and so I brought back from overseas a very substantial collection of the World War II editions of the Stars and Stripes. Later, as a matter of fact, [I] acquired a very fine set of the original issues of First World War Stars and Stripes, so that I've got quite a good Stars and Stripes collection.

Bill Mauldin, who cartooned on the Stars and Stripes and was the Bruce Bairnsfather of the American forces in the Second World War, cartooned on several of these editions in the Mediterranean [and] had a hand in getting them out himself. He also published, in the theater, various pamphlets of his cartoons, which I made sure that I got at the time. Some of them are now difficult to find. Incidentally, at Gerald McDonald's death, in addition to his Eames collection, he also left me his Bill Mauldin collection. A fair proportion of it was duplication, but he had some things that I did not; so that strengthened that collection as well.

After the war, as a result of having been in the

Mediterranean theater, I collected, not assiduously, a few of the published accounts of generals and admirals and newspapermen, people who were there, particularly those who had a connection with the Third Infantry Division. Also, I have a collection of novels laid in the Mediterranean theater during the Second World War.

I was hospitalized for a while. I was in Italy, but it was so soon after the landings there were no base hospitals set up; so I was evacuated back to North Africa, and I was in the hospital in North Africa for a while. I remember--I don't know whether I still have the thing or not, I suppose I do--that one of the things I did while I was in the hospital was to write myself sort of a memorandum about book collecting and what I was after and what I ought to do after the war and so forth. I remember that I swore a mighty oath that I would not collect Grabhorn. I knew Grabhorn was already expensive, and I think I may have even have guessed at how much more expensive it was going to become and, of course, how difficult to find the scarcer ones and so forth. So I remember making the decision that I would not collect Grabhorn, which, as so many plans of mice and men, was upset a little later--as I'll mention if I remember to.

AXE: Is this outline contained either in your diary or journal?

CARPENTER: No. I don't think I copied it into my war

journal. And I certainly couldn't lay my hands on it at the moment, but I've got a tremendous amount of my war material in the cellar. I think I could probably find it if I really had to.

AXE: Oh, it's in the cellar.

CARPENTER: Well, I think so, yes. I certainly hope so. I wound up my overseas experience with four months in Paris--which, of course, was wonderful. This gave me some additional opportunities. The Americans were very well paid in relation to the French, and I had high enough rank so that I had fair amount of money at my disposal. And so I was able to do quite a little collecting in Paris.

One area--I don't remember just when I started on this and may have had some of this before the war, but I certainly added to it when I was in Paris--was museology, the history and theory and operation of museums. I have not a substantial collection but a shelf or more of books on that subject. Quite a few of them are ones that I got in Paris at this time, which was the last couple of months of '45 and the first couple of months of '46. I've indirectly mentioned already Max Besson's bookstore and the fact that he had some Harrisse material. I also got some other things from him, mostly Harrisse and one particularly nice item which is sort of a collecting anecdote in itself. I think tonight I won't try to go in for

anecdotes, so we'll leave that story for another time.

One thing that was particularly available in Paris was that at that time--just after the war--they were beginning to ease restrictions and rationing of such things as paper. So everybody in France was rushing into print with "what I did during the war," you know--particularly, of course, those who had been in the Résistance. So practically daily there would be a new book on the book stalls and bookstores on the underground and the Résistance and the German occupation and so forth. I thought this was a wonderful bibliographical opportunity, so I started to compile a bibliography of these. Then it occurred to me, well, [when] you get back to the United States, a bibliography of these won't be of much help to anybody who wants to see them in the future, because many of them, of course, will be very difficult to find by that time. I'd better really be collecting them. So then I just started out wholesale purchasing them, to the result that I brought back a small bookcase full of these, mostly publications of Paris of that period in '45 and '46. I did manage to pick up one piece of actual underground literature that had been printed during the German occupation. Of course, I've added a few items to this collection since I came home.

While I was in Europe, I had a few days in London, and that was an excellent opportunity, too. I visited

a good many bookstores including, I remember, Maggs Brothers. That added quite a few little things, including some of the Americana association. Although I said I wasn't going to tell any anecdotes, I might just mention one of those experiences for which one kicks himself ever after. In a basement of one of the bookstores in London-- I don't remember now which one at all--I saw a presentation copy from Obadiah Rich. At least I assume it was; it was signed "O. Rich," and I think it must have been Obadiah Rich, who was a pioneer English dealer and bibliographer in Americana. And I didn't buy it; it was a modest enough sum, but I didn't buy it. Of course, within a week or so, I was very regretful of this. Even if I'd remembered which bookstore it was, I couldn't have written for it because I'd found it in a pile of stuff in a basement or something and would never have been able to tell them how to find it.

So I've kicked myself for about twenty-five years, because it was only within the last couple of years that I had another opportunity to find a Rich association item-- which I did purchase fairly recently, so I now have one. But as I say, I had to wait about twenty-five years because I let that first opportunity go by.

Well, I came back after the war early in 1946, then picked up and resumed and continued all of these collecting activities that I've been mentioning. Soon after I got

back, I was making fairly frequent trips to San Francisco and met printers and collectors and other people up there. I already knew some because in my days of studying Latin-American history I had on occasion gone up there to use the Bancroft Library. As a matter of fact, in the summer of 1940 I went to the summer session at Berkeley just so I could say that I had studied under Bolton and taken his seminar that summer. So I had met some of these people.

I don't remember whether I met him before I came back from the service or not; but if not, it was very shortly after that I met Francis Farquhar and had a very nice visit in his home in Berkeley. He was, as you know, a very generous sort of person. As we wandered around the library and particularly a sort of workroom in the back where various things were piled up, he would keep pulling off the shelves and handing me one or another pieces of Grabhorn ephemera until I had a tremendous fistful of Grabhorn ephemera. So, bang! went my resolution not to collect Grabhorn, because here I was with quite a good holding just from that one evening with Francis Farquhar.

Shortly after that, I joined the Rounce and Coffin Club in Los Angeles and then, not too many years later, joined the Roxburghe Club in San Francisco and the Zamorano Club in Los Angeles. All three of these organizations have been very active in passing out keepsakes,

many of which were, in the old days, printed by the Grabhorns, so that I have, at least in the ephemera area, gotten together quite a good accumulation of Grabhorn. I have not strived for completeness in any sense, and especially not in the hardbound books, of which I have only a few. From those memberships, I got not only a lot of Grabhorn but of course a tremendous amount of ephemera and more substantial material, too, from other printers and other writers in areas in which I'm interested--and, I must admit, some from writers in areas in which I'm not particularly interested either.

This goes back to the war indirectly, because there was another collecting area that I developed as an upshot of the war. One of the places that I was stationed during the war--as a matter of fact, I was there on two different occasions--was an Italian town, which is a suburb of Naples, named Pozzuoli. (In the Roman days it was known as Puteoli.) I was interested in the local history of any place where I went, particularly when there were ruins there. It happens that Pozzuoli has an important amphitheater. I think it was the second largest amphitheater in the Roman world, something like that. Obviously, as you might gather, being the antiquarian sort I am, I was the one to whom all the fellows in my outfit turned for information. You know: "Hey, Doc, what's this place and what's that place and what are these ruins about?" So as

soon as we got to Pozzuoli, I read up various Italian and French guidebooks that I could get my hands on and versed myself a little bit in the history of Pozzuoli, especially in terms of what was to be seen there. There was nothing to be acquired.

Not long after the war, however, in an English bookseller's catalog, one day I saw an eighteenth-century guidebook--I'm not sure that I have the exact sequence here right, but this is the general drift--of Pozzuoli for a few shillings, which I thought would be an interesting little souvenir of my having been there. So I sent for it and got it. A few weeks or months later, in another English bookseller's catalog, I saw a seventeenth-century guidebook to Pozzuoli, for a few shillings again; and so I sent for that and bought it. Then later, I saw some other book on the ruins of Pozzuoli, or something like that, and I bought that.

Of course, the first thing you know, I was hooked and began collecting what I usually call "Pozzuolana" or I suppose "Puteolana," to the extent that I now have quite a sizable collection. I also am in the position that I think Mr. Wagner found himself in collecting sixteenth-century Mexican imprints: that is, that the market has galloped far beyond me. Even though there's no one else, as far as I know, specifically collecting Pozzuoli material, there are enough collectors collecting general

Italian material, or sixteenth-, seventeenth-, eighteenth-century materials, or whatever it is, that the prices on many of these things have gone up just absolutely fantastically. I can afford to make additions to it only very occasionally now, although actually this is offset by the fact that it's only extremely rarely now that I find anything offered for sale that I don't already have. I don't mean that there's plenty that I don't have, but it doesn't show up on the market.

AXE: Is it anywhere near Pompeii?

CARPENTER: Yes, it's not far from Pompeii. Actually Pompeii is a suburb of Naples. It's a little farther away and it's to the east. Pozzuoli is to the west. I don't know what it would be in actual mileage--I suppose twenty-five, thirty miles apart. It was not affected by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius that buried Pompeii; but it's had, literally, its ups and downs, because it's the classic spot in geology to study--I believe the word is--"bradyseism," which is the rise and fall of coastline, in this case because of volcanic action and so forth. As a matter of fact, there was a large Roman naval base on Cape Miseno which forms the outer point of the bay of the Gulf of Pozzuoli. It was from that naval base that Pliny the Elder sailed for Pompeii to observe the eruption. And, if you remember, he lost his life because he either came in too close or stayed too long and was caught in the, as

we would say nowadays, fallout.

I've already mentioned my museology collection. Now, this goes back, perhaps, to my earliest days of book collecting, although I wasn't thinking quite so much of book collecting in those days. I have a very strong holding in the publications of the Southwest Museum, because I've been a member of that ever since I was a boy. I have a complete set of the Master Key, their publication, which is now a quarterly. I have a complete set of their published papers in the original editions. Several of those have been reprinted in recent years; but I acquired almost all of them at the time that they came out, so that my set is all of original editions rather than the reprints. I've passable holdings in some other museums as well.

Also, of course, I've been a member for a great many years of one or another historical society, and this has given me substantial runs of their quarterlies and some of their other publications, although I'm far from having anywhere near all the publications of, for instance, the California Historical Society. I do have a complete run of the quarterly of that society for the first forty years or so because I was able, through the help and interest of Francis Farquhar, to purchase Henry Wagner's bound file of the first thirty or so years--which, of course, is a very important acquisition, as far as I'm concerned.

Not only is it a file of the magazine, but it's Mr. Wagner's copy with some annotations; and, of course, I'm delighted to have that.

When I spoke of printing earlier, I was thinking more or less in terms of what is or what purports to be fine printing and so forth. But of course, I have some other interests in printing as well, place imprints. I have done a certain amount of collecting of early Los Angeles and early California imprints. Now those are both [expensive] areas, particularly the broader matter of California imprints; and if you go back to the Mexican days, to the Zamorano imprints, of course, that's outside my class entirely. But I do have some sprinkling of the California imprints of the [18]50s and -60s and -70s. Some of them are of interest for the printing and illustration or binding, something like that. And [I] also [have] a fair sprinkling of early Los Angeles imprints. Then there are one or two special pockets. For a while, when I was a boy, we lived in the town of Sierra Madre, in the foothills here near Pasadena, and I have a collection of Sierra Madre imprints which I think is a fairly good one. Of course, the catch there is there's no checklist of them. I've made a list of all that I know, which to a large extent equals my collection. It's possible that there are plenty more that I don't know, but I think it's not likely, so that I probably have a

very large percentage of what there is to be had.

Belonging to the Rounce and Coffin Club, the Roxburghe Club, and the Zamorano Club [has] brought me into contact with not only established printers (I won't try and list any of them by name, because between the San Francisco Bay Area and Los Angeles I could name a great many), but also with some lesser-known printers or--you might be cold-blooded about it--one-shot printers that may have done one or two things and not much else. In some cases, as I've already indicated, I acquired some things as keepsakes from those groups. I also have made it a point on my own to try and locate and keep up with and get examples of the work of some of these printers, who perhaps can hardly be defined as fine printers but are of interest in one way or another.

I'm particularly interested in printing on the true, real handpress, and I do make an effort to get any examples I can of printing that has been done on a handpress in California in modern times. In one or two cases, I think this has led me to--I suppose they're really not significant--collections of interest to me and instances where I probably have as good a holding as anybody, just on the basis that nobody else cares, I suppose.

For instance, many people, I think, will be acquainted with the name of Wilder Bentley, by now a retired professor at San Francisco State College, who over the years has had

quite a little bit to do with printing. [He] operated, with his wife, a handpress in the 1940s. His son, when a boy, did some of the printing with his father. Well, the son, usually called Wilder Bentley, Jr., is now of course a grown man and has done some quite interesting work in more recent times, a little on the offbeat side. He's a little on the flower people or "hip" side, something of that nature. He has printed several things, and I have made a particular effort to get hold of those. Through being personally acquainted with him, [I] have had the chance to get most of them, so that I have, I'm sure, as good a collection as anybody of Wilder Bentley, Jr.

Then there was a young man whom I never met because he died before my time, died quite young, named Jack Gannon, who worked for the Grabhorn Press back in the 1930s. I got interested in him through something written about him by Helen Gentry, and I started trying to collect him. His total output was perhaps six items, and I got three or four of them without very much trouble and then had quite a little difficulty finding the last one or two. I solicited the help of David Magee, a San Francisco bookseller. Because these things were produced in San Francisco, it seemed most likely the copies would be there. He exercised considerable ingenuity and not only found me an item or two that I needed but also managed to talk Ed Grabhorn into parting with his filing folder on Jack Gannon,

which included some little etchings done by Gannon, some letters from him to Grabhorn, and some proofs and things like that. So again, I think I probably have as good a collection as anyone of Jack Gannon.

Well, of course, I've got other collections of one sort or another. If you didn't know it to start out with, you certainly know now that I scatter my fire considerably. I just can't resist starting a lot of little things here and there. Speaking of starting things, I have one that I certainly have to call a stillborn collection if you can even justify calling it a collection at all. That is that I was in Sicily during the war; after I had the Pozzuoli collection well under way, I thought I would start a similar collection for Sicily. But after acquiring about only one book, an eighteenth-century travel book, Brydone's Travels, I decided that that was just too large an area. Too many people have written about Sicily over the centuries, and so I have never carried that more than beyond one or two titles.

But there are other areas. For instance, again an offbeat thing and again perhaps I shouldn't go to the extent of calling it a real collection, because it's just an accumulation of these items as I've come across them-- I haven't made any effort to go out and buy the ones that I know about; I've only just picked up what I saw for sale or was able to acquire somehow--is mystery stories

that involve rare books and manuscripts. Now, of course, there are some in which references to rare books and manuscripts are tangential, but I'm interested primarily in those in which they are an integral part of the story. Probably the best-known example is a mystery called Fast Company by a pseudonymous writer named Marco Page. There are many others. One which I have read but of which I do not have a copy is by the distinguished biblical scholar Edgar J. Goodspeed, who let down his hair among his serious studies by writing a book called the Curse in the Colophon, which is about a chase in the Mediterranean after biblical manuscripts, of course.

Like practically everyone who was interested in such areas as I've outlined, I'm interested in books on printing and bibliography, so I have a small shelf or two of things in this area. Some of it is history of libraries or histories of particular presses, particularly in relation to California, but I have some general things too. I've never been a very strong collector of bookplates. I have very little bookplate literature, but I have some actual bookplates. I have been interested in the bookplates of the collectors of Americana and Western Americana, also some of these librarians and dealers and other collectors that I've mentioned. I have a fair scattering of those, either in the books themselves or sometimes loose, but I don't really consider that a collection. I certainly don't consider

myself a bookplate collector.

Then [there is] another little offbeat matter. I can't remember now when I got started on this; I could do a little checking and find out. I don't believe I did anything about it till after the war; I'm quite sure not. Again, it's a little hard to put succinctly, but what it is is books and tracts and pamphlets printed in English in the Low Countries in the seventeenth century. [laughter] The reason for this is that I'm a descendant of Elder William Brewster of the Mayflower. The Pilgrim group, when they were in Holland in the Dutch interlude between England and the New World, operated a press, a more or less underground press in Leiden. Brewster is supposed to have been one of the active figures involved in it. As a matter of fact, in a couple of the more public works his name appears in the imprint. So this gave me a certain interest in this. When I had an opportunity to purchase one of the books from the Pilgrim Press, I did so. I later purchased a second, so that I have two. It's not known exactly what their output is, because some of the things are dubious and some may have disappeared entirely; but the standard work on the subject lists twenty-five titles, or something like that, of which I've been able to acquire two. I don't imagine I'll be able to get much more, because if they come on the market now they are very expensive.

When I got to looking into it, there were other presses

in Leiden and Amsterdam and a place called Goricum and several spots in the Low Countries where there were English churches and religious communities that had left England for one reason or another. Often they printed their pastors' sermons or controversial works or one thing and another. So there's quite a respectable little area there, and I have twenty or thirty items that fall within that category.

Also, of course, at a different period, it was the Catholics instead of the Protestants who were refugees, [and] there was printing in English in Catholic centers on the continent, particularly Rheims, where the first English-language Catholic New Testament was printed, and St. Omer, where there was, I believe, a Jesuit college. There were a couple of centers of printing, and I have one or two very slight examples of that, but those are very expensive. They turn up once in a while in English dealers' catalogs, but they're quite expensive, and I have not cared to invest substantially in that.

I've been interested also over these many years in the American Indian, and particularly the Southwestern Indian. I've made a few trips with considerable pleasure into New Mexico and Arizona and seen some of the Indian towns and some of the Indian tribes. I have a few baskets and rugs and things like that. I have been interested in the modern school of Indian painting, particularly watercolor,

rather than oil painting that has been quite commonly done with artists like Harrison Begay and various others. I would like very much to collect this sort of thing; but in the first place, I don't have the money, and in the second place, I don't have the wall space, either. I had enjoyed seeing these things in dealers' shops or in art galleries and art exhibits and so forth but had not made any attempt [to start a collection]. I had one or two very small ones which I picked up inexpensively on these trips, but really nothing at all in this line until Clara Lee Tanner's book on Southwest Indian artists came out. I was interested enough in that to read it, and eventually I acquired a copy. (It happened that it was given to me, but I think I probably would have purchased one anyhow.)

In reading it, I would keep coming across these references. She would discuss some artist--Velino Herrera or someone like that--and say that in 1940-such-or-something he illustrated a book for Knopf, for Viking; or that some other artist, in the late 1930s, illustrated a book for so-and-so, or something like that. Gradually it began to soak in, after six or eight of these references, that several of these artists had illustrated books. Well, I am a book collector rather than an art collector, and things like that would presumably be much less expensive. So I decided again not to try to collect the original works by these people but collect examples of their having served

as illustrators of books. So in recent years, I have been building up a collection which numbers, I suppose, seventy-five or eighty items--that's just a rough guess--of books illustrated by American Indians.

I have drawn one line--although not always too successfully, I guess--and that is, I'm not out after books that reproduce Indian art: in other words, not just albums reproducing the work of an artist or of a school or something like that. Fortunately, this saves me a good deal of expense because some of those books are very expensive. The collection, as it is intended, is instances in which the artist, the Indian in this case, was actually the illustrator of that text. In other words, he drew pictures to fit the specific text that illustrated that book. There are a couple that are a little tangential, or a little borderline, but nevertheless that's the basis of that collection.

Incidentally, I might put in a plug and say that on last Thursday I installed two cases of selections from that collection at the Library of the Southwest Museum. Their librarian, Ruth Christensen, had asked me if I would be willing to lend some of these books for display for them for this summer.

I have one or two--again it's a little difficult to know whether to call it a collection or not--of writings of friends of mine. One that is very definitely a collection,

and I think counts probably as a major collection of the man's works, is Lawrence Clark Powell. I have been fortunate in that I started not too long after Powell began writing. Of course, I suppose anyone who hears or reads a transcript of this will know something about him and know how prolific he is. I started fairly early, and he has always been very generous in giving me separates and reprints and so forth. Of course, many of his things have come out in the form of publications of the organizations to which I belong. So I have a very good, I think, Powell collection, including odd bits of manuscript. For instance, I was noticing just today in doing some filing that I have the holograph manuscript of the tribute that Mr. Powell paid to Mr. Wagner at Mr. Wagner's funeral. In addition to having the final printed version and a ditto-graphed version that Powell put out first, I also have his holograph and then the typed draft that one of his secretaries made from his holograph. And I have a small collection of a librarian named Earle Walbridge, who was a friend of mine, and also a small collection of Gerald McDonald, another librarian whom I have mentioned.

I am very much interested in local history in Southern California, particularly the area where I am, and most specifically the immediate vicinity--Pasadena, San Marino, Alhambra, South Pasadena. I live in South Pasadena now and have lived in Pasadena and Alhambra as well as Los

Angeles and Sierra Madre. Particularly with my work at the Huntington Library and my interest there in the San Marino Ranch and Lake Vineyard and the Wilsons, the Shorbs, the Pattons, and the Huntingtons and all that, I've been collecting along those lines. A large part of my local-history collection is not book material but clippings and old photographs, sometimes actual old photographs or sometimes copies of old photographs; and ephemera of these places, odds and ends such as timetables and maps; so I have a fairly substantial collection of that, but not very much is actually book material.

I've been talking tonight mainly, of course, about books. I don't really collect manuscripts as such. Some of my association items are manuscripts, and in some cases I have a holograph or signed letters by the individuals that I collect in my "Americana-ana" collection. As I've already mentioned, [I have] some things such as the original holograph or typescript manuscript of something by Henry Wagner or Lawrence Clark Powell or some of these other persons in whom I'm interested. But I'm not a manuscript collector as such.

AXE: Do you have a collection on cemeteries?

CARPENTER: Oh, yes, I didn't mention that. That's another upshot of the war. During the war, I had some responsibility for checking up on the operation of a division cemetery. I had to read the field manual on the subject

to find out how it was supposed to be done, and so I got interested in the question and began to wonder, "Did we go through all of this rigamarole in the Revolution and in the Civil War?" By using that word, I don't mean it unkindly about our present Grave Registration Service, but did we do as much as we now do in these earlier wars? So I began looking for material after I got home from the service, and it's surprising how much material there is. There are very few whole books on the subject, although there are one or two, but there are many books partially. In other words, there are such things as the published reminiscences of a man who was a chaplain in the Spanish-American War, who devotes, I think, a full chapter to his conduct of burials and to field burial and so forth. I have quite a long shelf on that subject, although, again, not quite so much of that is hardbound books. A lot of it is pamphlet, and some of it is magazine articles and newspaper clippings and photographs. But, yes, there is very definitely a collection.

Now, I have become interested in more recent times in the history of the early cemeteries of the Los Angeles area. I have accumulated a large number of notes and extracts from books and a certain number of photographs but practically nothing in the way of book or manuscript material in that area. I have a file, certainly--if one couldn't justify it as a collection--on that subject

too.*

AXE: How about genealogy? I know it was because of your mother that you developed an interest in it. Did you in any way do this for yourself?

CARPENTER: Well, at the time that I was of high school age I was quite interested in my own genealogy, family genealogy, and I did quite a little research, particularly in the genealogy room at the Los Angeles Public Library. But it has never been a collecting field in the sense of searching out and acquiring materials. Some of it was searching out information to enter on forms [with] which to make notes but not really a collecting field. Now, my mother did collect a certain number of actual literal genealogies, published genealogies, and then quite a nice little library, 400 volumes or so, on New England history with sort of a genealogical slant to it.

Since her death, I have disposed of the pure genealogies in her collection by giving them either to the Los Angeles Public Library or to the Southern California Genealogical Society. But the general nongenealogical material on New England I still have and haven't quite decided what I ought to do with it. It's not really a collecting area of my own.

AXE: Now, I noticed your interest in film material. Is

*From this file I later drew a small book, Early Cemeteries of the City of Los Angeles (Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop, 1973). [E.H.C.]

that generated solely by your interest in Gerald McDonald's collecting activity, because he did collect?

CARPENTER: Oh, yes, he did, very definitely. Gerald McDonald was a close friend of mine, and he was a very considerable authority on the early days of the motion picture, particularly up to about 1915. I used to help him by clipping obituaries from the Los Angeles newspapers of film pioneers. Of course, major ones, like the Gishes and so forth, would get into the New York papers. But there would be here many obituaries of very minor figures, and I used to cut these out and send them to him. I had some interest, really, through my friendship with Gerald McDonald and not for myself. I don't do anything actively along that line at all. Gerald knew that this was not my interest, and his collection in that area did not come to me at all under his will.

AXE: You've mentioned the Eames. Did his printing collection [also] come to you?

CARPENTER: Yes, in his [McDonald's] will, apparently it said that his things and books on printing were to come to me. His sister, who cleared out his apartment-- with some help, I think--I think was not always sure just what belonged where. Fortunately, partly I suppose because it was segregated and partly because she was well enough read and intelligent enough and observant enough to know, she segregated the Eames material perfectly easily and the

Mauldin material perfectly easily. Truthfully, I'm not sure about the books in printing. She certainly sent me a great deal of material. But I know some that did not come to me. For instance, he had a very good run of the chapbooks and monographs of the Typophiles, and that substantial run of them went to a college library in New York state. One or two of the odd ones, the more recent ones, which he perhaps had not shelved with his others, she included in the packages that were sent to me. So in that particular area, I'm not sure how the actual distribution of his material went. Although I visited his apartment in New York many, many times, and talked with him a great deal, and knew pretty well what he had, I don't know well enough just what I might or might not have gotten; although of course, I got a good deal of very nice things and appreciate them very much.

AXE: Did you ever collect [Noah] Webster?

CARPENTER: No. The reason that I was at the New York Public Library for nearly five years was to edit a bibliography of Noah Webster. But I never collected Webster for myself. I have one piece. Well, as a matter of fact, I probably have three or four. I think somebody gave me a couple of odds and ends of early Webster spellers at one time or something like that, but I've made no effort at all to collect in that line myself, except for one Webster speller. It was the days of stereotyping, and

I believe they were stereotyped sheets from the East, but it had its local title page and cover published in California by one or another of the versions of the Bancroft Publishing Company. Because that's Californiana and because of my indirect interest in Bancroft through my interest in Henry Wagner, I did pick that up; but I've really not collected Noah Webster. I'm going to refrain firmly from that. I do draw the line here and there.

[laughter]

AXE: While you were in New York, was Dr. Eames still alive?

CARPENTER: No, no. Of course, I never met him. I don't remember now just when he died, but it must have been shortly before the war, perhaps '38, something like that. It was long before I ever went to New York, and so I did not know him.

Victor Paltsits was still living at the time that I went to New York, and I was looking forward to meeting him. He, of course, had been closely associated with Eames for many years and Gerald McDonald--with both of them. The first day that I went to work at the New York Public Library, I was walking in a hallway with Gerald, or someone else, and he pointed out a man at a considerable distance. As you know, the New York Public Library stretches for two blocks in one direction, so you can take a pretty long look down on the halls. Whoever was with me said,

"That's Dr. Paltsits. We'll introduce you as soon as there's an opportunity." Well, Paltsits died the next day. So I went to his funeral, but I never met him. I have one or two Paltsits association things, of course, too.

AXE: Tell me a little more about when you arrived in New York to work.

CARPENTER: It must have been about September of 1953.

AXE: You weren't really working for the New York Public Library, were you?

CARPENTER: Well, yes. I was doing one specific job, and I was paid from one specific fund. That is where I differed, perhaps, from other employees. [The NYPL] had been given, by Emily Ellsworth Ford Skeel, her notes and unfinished manuscript for the bibliography of Noah Webster. She also gave them a largish sum of money to pay for the editing, completion, and publication of it. I was engaged to complete it and edit it and prepare it for the press. So I was paid from this fund that Mrs. Skeel had given. My paycheck was the same as anyone else's. It was drawn in the same form and everything else; there was no apparent difference.

The nature of my work made my schedule very free as far as coming and going went. I didn't have to punch a time clock or put in hours at a public desk or anything like that. But as I say, I was like any other employee

and the same general rules, the same obligations and privileges applied. The employees were on, I think, the New York State retirement system pension fund of some sort or other. I was on that, and I functioned the same as any other employee did, although the money for my salary did come from a special fund. I had no other duties, although once in a great while, just to help out, I did give a hand in the rare-book department.

AXE: That's what I wondered.

CARPENTER: I was sort of attached to them for rations and quarters. I had an office in that area of the library. As a matter of fact, it was a room just lined with bibliographies, and it was a room where several prominent bibliographers had worked before. Working with me in the same room at another desk for quite a while was Daniel Haskell, who is a minor figure but has done quite a little work in American bibliography. [He] was a man quite along in years then. I think he had officially retired but he was finishing up a couple of projects he was working on.

One time when I was away on vacation--I was away one month one summer--they told me that during most of that month my desk was occupied by Fredson Bowers, who was doing some work there at the time. Yes, come to think of it, that was Wilberforce Eames's old office. Yes, that's right.

AXE: Oh, how wonderful.

CARPENTER: It had been Eames's old office, so of course

it was just thoroughly delightful as far as I was concerned.

AXE: How long did you work there, Ed?

CARPENTER: I was there just under five years--about four years and nine months. The bibliography wasn't published until after I had come back to California, but it was virtually ready. I did the last proofreading and things by mail after I got out here.

AXE: All your materials you used in that bibliography, were they there? Or did Mrs. Skeel have some here in California?

CARPENTER: No, [her] materials were all there. At the time that I started this job, she was in a sanitarium in California, in Las Encinas in Pasadena, but I never saw her. I sort of wanted to, but the secretary and companion of hers for many years--who was handling the arrangements with the New York Public Library and indirectly with me--didn't want me to see her. Mrs. Skeel had been, if not famous, well known as being a very active and vigorous and upright woman all of her life. She had, with rather great suddenness, relapsed into being practically a vegetable. I believe that Miss [Helen] Mouat, the woman I mentioned, didn't want my only impression of Mrs. Skeel [to] be this hulk lying in a bed. She would rather I thought of her as I came to. When I went around to see people like Lawrence C. Wroth and Clarence Brigham and R.W.G. Vail and some of the others, they all spoke of her.

Vail, for instance, spoke about how she used to come into the New York Historical Society in her riding habit. She would ride in Central Park; then the groom would take the horse, and she'd go across to do research in the library.

AXE: Oh, how interesting.

CARPENTER: She had deposited all of her notes and materials at the library. There were several filing drawers full of them. The New York Public Library is one of the major collections of the printed editions of Webster in this country. So I was able to do a great deal of work there.

However, it was necessary to do field work as well. The next greatest collection, of course, is at Yale--Webster's alma mater, as well as Henry Wagner's. I went frequently to New Haven; and occasionally to Worcester, Massachusetts, for the American Antiquarian Society; and also to Springfield, Massachusetts, to the Merriam Company, because there's some material there. Then on one occasion or another I went to the Pennsylvania Historical Society and the Free Library of Philadelphia and several times to Washington to the Library of Congress. I ranged as far south as Charlottesville and at the University of North Carolina [at] Chapel Hill. Actually that was really a pleasure trip and not a justifiable research trip. But I did, as I say, make quite a few trips to these other libraries in connection with doing the work on that book.

Mrs. Skeel's own notes were all there in New York

and still are. They were in the manuscript department. They were put in my office for my use, and I believe after I left they were returned to the manuscript department--plus, of course, the files that I had generated in my operations.

AXE: Now, who were your associates or colleagues in the New York Public [Library] besides Gerald McDonald. I didn't quite catch the name. Mr. Haskell?

CARPENTER: Daniel Haskell.

AXE: Yes.

CARPENTER: Mr. Haskell was a very short man and very wiry; and as I say, he must have been eighty at the time or something like that and [was] very quick in his movements, sort of birdlike, and very uncommunicative. Not that he was surly; I think it was purely shyness on his part. Perhaps one of the reasons he became a bibliographer was because he didn't have to mix with the public particularly. He would sit very quietly at his own desk working. He was very polite; he'd say good morning and so forth to me, and occasionally we'd make some remark. But really very little was said between us. We would be working away quietly, and periodically he would say, "Oh, damn! Oh, damn!" That's the main thing I remember about Mr. Haskell.

When I went to be interviewed for the job, this was a rather special project, I suppose, so I was interviewed

by the director. I'm sure that most potential employees, particularly at lower echelons, are not interviewed by the director of the library, but I was. At that time, that was Ralph Beals, not the anthropologist Ralph Beals, but the librarian and bookman Ralph Beals, who unfortunately died not too long after I took the job. I would have liked to have gotten to know him better.

Then, for "rations and quarters," I was attached to the rare-book department, so my closest colleagues, perhaps, were the people in that department. The head of it then, as he still is, was Lewis A. Stark. Gerald McDonald, my particular friend, had been the head of that previously before the war, but when I got there he was in other departments. Working with Lewis Stark in rare books were Maud Cole and Philomena Houlihan and Herbert Cahoon. While I was in New York, Herb Cahoon left the New York Public Library and took a job at the Morgan Library. Those were the four people in the rare-book department.

At that time [the rare-book department was] called--perhaps it still is, although they may have changed--the reserve division. It had its own catalogers, three women, and I knew them fairly well, too. They were particularly delighted when I came there to work because among other things they had cataloged a good deal of printing ephemera from California. Of course, when they'd get something

like The Press in a Hole* or something, they often had no idea what this meant or where it was or who it was. Sometimes they would wonder: is such and such the same person or the same thing as somebody else? So for a while after I got to New York, they were frequently coming to me with questions about California printers and imprints.

Karl Kup was the head of the prints division, and he and a couple of his staff I knew and enjoyed very much. I came to know quite well Sarah Dickson, who was the curator of the Arents Tobacco Collection, which was a special collection there at the library. Another special collection is the Berg Collection, and John Gordan was the curator.

AXE: And what [sort of] collection is that?

CARPENTER: It's a collection of modern English and American literature and is very strong in first editions, inscribed copies, and manuscripts. It's an extremely important collection. Two New York doctors, brothers, formed the collection and gave it to the library. They provided money for air conditioning the section in which it was housed, and this was the first air-conditioned part of that building--which is, as you know, very desirable

*This was perhaps not a good choice for an example, as The Press in a Hole did not exist when I was in New York. For the record, it is the imprint used by several members of the Preparations Department of the Huntington Library for two small items which they printed on the Library's Albion and Pilot presses in 1968 and 1969. [E.H.C.]

in New York in the summers, and everybody else was very envious. The Arents Collection was air-conditioned, too. Gradually, however, the library was able to extend and air-condition a great deal more.

At one time I was quite popular at the library because one of the few drinking fountains on the third floor that had iced water was in my office, so I was sure of a steady stream of visitors from the staff. The public didn't know about it, but the staff did, so I had visitors for the drinking fountain at least. But while I was there, they moved the drinking fountain. It actually was a matter of moving it only a couple of feet, but they moved it to the other side of the wall into a staff lounge. The staff lounge was air-conditioned; so, of course, that immediately got the staff attention, and Mr. Haskell and I were alone again.

Gerald McDonald was the chief of the Americana division, which, of course, is a very large and important one there. He was also chief of genealogy and local history. I won't try and remember or list their names now, but there were several people on each of those staffs that I knew and liked. Of course, I was thrown into contact with the manuscript department, Mr. [Robert] Hill and his staff in manuscripts. There were many others.

One person in the gifts and exchanges section of the library that I knew quite well was C.E. [Charles Emil]

Dornbusch. I knew him by correspondence before I went to the library, because he was actively interested in military history, as I have been at one time or another. I don't collect on that, but I had an interest in it. [But] come to think of it, I have a good collection of Dornbusch. Much of his output is bibliographies of military history. He was working on the Stars and Stripes. As a matter of fact, he made considerable use, if I may say so, of my collection in compiling his bibliography of the Stars and Stripes. So I knew him by correspondence before I came to the library, and I came to know and associate with him a good deal at the library, but not because of his position within the library.

AXE: By the way, Dr. Carpenter, your collection must be mentioned in many of these books about collectors and collecting. Is that so?

CARPENTER: No, I don't think so, that I know of. Every once in a while, my name is mentioned in the acknowledgments or the preface of a book as having given some help someplace. But it usually is not stated, at least in terms of my collections. It's merely that they thank so-and-so from the Huntington Library for assistance. My collections actually haven't been particularly used by outsiders. My journal has, once. (I said that I didn't think I would get going on the subject of some of the personalities in the book world this evening, but we

seem to have gotten into some of them.)

I went to visit Edward Eberstadt in New York. I didn't literally have a letter from Henry Wagner; but all one had to say was that he was a friend of Henry Wagner's, and this, as you know, opened many doors. I think I spent most of the day sitting at Edward Eberstadt's desk talking with him to the extent that we didn't even go out to lunch. He had lunch brought in--some sandwiches and cokes were brought in--so I didn't even leave his desk during the lunch hour. I spent several hours talking with him, and it was wonderful book talk of all sorts and a great deal of reminiscence about Mr. Wagner and other Californians. Now why did I get into Eberstadt in the first place?

AXE: About your journal.

CARPENTER: Oh, yes. So I wrote in my journals some of the things that Eberstadt had told me. Some of them had to do with his having sold various bits of Californiana to collectors in California at one time or another. When Robert Hine, who is now a history professor at the University of California, Riverside, was working on one of his books--I guess it was having to do with the Kern brothers--he was interested in the Fort Sutter papers and some other collections like that at the Huntington Library. There was some anecdote about them that Eberstadt had told me and which I had put into my journals. So I brought the

appropriate portion of the volume of the journal to the Huntington Library and let Bob Hine use it. But that's my journal and not my collections.

As I say, I don't think my collections really have been mentioned particularly. Several years ago, Glen Dawson wrote an article for the brand book of the Los Angeles corral of the Westerners, about collectors of Western Americana. There are two things there. In the first place, it was written enough years ago so that he wouldn't have thought of me, I'm sure, in any case, because I was of much lesser activity than I have become later. In the second place, I don't know that, even if he were writing it now, he would include me in that particular coverage because I'm not a major collector of Western Americana at all. That's not an area that I go in for, although many of these association items are Western Americana.

AXE: And of course the Southwest Indian, that material doesn't come into Western Americana per se, does it?

CARPENTER: Well, yes, I suppose it does.

AXE: Well, I think probably you've been sort of sheltered from people who would otherwise besiege you, knowing your wonderful collections. [laughter]

CARPENTER: Well, of course, you yourself are one that has drawn on it to the extent of asking me to give you the wording of some of the presentation inscriptions

that Mr. Wagner wrote in some of his works.

AXE: Oh, yes. Of course, Mr. Wagner had so many associations with bibliographers. By the way, you don't by any chance have that letter of Medina's to Mr. Wagner, do you, that was published, I think, in part perhaps in the Sixty Years of Book Collecting?

CARPENTER: Well, in any case, the answer is no, because I have no....

AXE: No, you don't. Written from Chile.

CARPENTER: No, I have no Medina letters at all.

AXE: The original letter.

CARPENTER: No, I have nothing, no letters of Medina's at all. At the time that I might have tried to pick up some Medina association items, Maury Brompsen was forming his Medina collection; and because of his better contacts and his longer purse, I always lost out on that. So, as I said, my Medina collection is pretty shaky, but there is a little there.

AXE: Do you have any Nicolás León among your bibliographers?

CARPENTER: Yes, but I can't remember what book it is.

I don't think it's in one of León's own writings--I think it's in another book--but it's a presentation inscription from León to John B. Stetson, who was a collector of Americana, of course, as you know, and whom Mr. Wagner knew.

AXE: Oh, yes. Didn't you collect any old Mexican material?

CARPENTER: Oh, good grief. There's another whole collection that I forgot. [laughter] Yes, that's right. My doctoral dissertation was on the "Instrucción reservada" of the Viceroy segundo Conde de Revilla Gigedo. In the course of doing that, I compiled a very extensive checklist of the publications of his administration, which is 1789 to 1794 in Mexico City. This involves examining a good deal of this material. I already was interested in Mexican printing, I suppose, to an extent, but this increased my interest. Except possibly for a coat of arms here and there, there aren't any engravings in his publications. But somehow I became interested in and attracted to a lot of Mexican books of the period that had copper engravings in them, and so I began collecting them.

I emphasize the ones that have engravings in them, because I consider it primarily a collection of engravings. About this same time, I had a fortunate chance of purchasing a lot from Jake Zeitlin. Eighteenth-century Mexican engravings are very scarce nowadays; they turn up very seldom. Once in a great while, one will turn up. As I said, I'm never going to be another Henry Huntington, but at least on one occasion I did emulate Mr. Huntington's practice of buying en bloc and was fortunately able to acquire from Jake quite a substantial collection of eighteenth-century Mexican engravings, which incidentally had been formed by the anthropologist Frederick Starr.

AXE: Oh.

CARPENTER: Mr. Wagner perhaps knew Starr as well. I also have been collecting other eighteenth-century Mexican imprints. I certainly didn't try for sixteenth-century imprints, because those are way beyond my reach. I have one leaf of one, or something like that, but I haven't really tried for them. Well, come to think of it, I have two or three sixteenth-century broadsides, but not books. So I concentrated on the eighteenth-century, because of an interest in typography primarily.

There, of course, is a point at which Mr. Wagner and I differed rather considerably because--I don't know whether he ever said it in writing, but I think very likely he did, and certainly [he said it] in conversation--Mr. Wagner wasn't thrilled by an eighteenth-century book unless it had something of interest in its content. A sermon on a purely theological topic printed in Mexico City in the eighteenth century thrilled him not in the slightest, but it sort of does me. I like the physical touch of just handling an eighteenth-century Mexican imprint or any other eighteenth-century imprint, as far as that goes. I just like the feel of the leather, if it is in its original binding, and the feel of the paper and the look of the ink and the type and everything else.

I have collected them from the point of view of the typography and tried to get examples of the changing taste,

particularly in title page design in Mexico in the eighteenth century, which went from very elaborate to very simple in the course of the century; and also, where I could find them, [I've collected] printing curiosities. There were some type cast in exotic shapes for writing the Otomí language, and there's one book on the Otomí language which has special types cast and used in it. Then there was a book printed for some important occasion in which some of the printing was done in gold. Yes, that's true; I've got quite a substantial collection of eighteenth-century and a few early nineteenth-century, if it's still within the colonial period, Mexican books and Mexican engravings--and one or two manuscripts in that area, but again, as I say, I'm not really after manuscripts.

AXE: Do you collect book dealers' catalogs per se?

CARPENTER: Well, no, I wouldn't say that. I accumulate them, certainly, and I've got fairly substantial runs. In most cases, I haven't tried to be back of the time that I may have begun receiving them myself, although in one case I have, and that's Dawson's. I have over the years picked up a fairly good representation of earlier years of the catalogs of Dawson's Bookshop here in Los Angeles. I have a quite good run of Goodspeed's, although not going back to the earlier years of Goodspeed's but for the last thirty years or so, I suppose. There are several others of which I have very substantial files. I have given

particular attention to the California booksellers and have tried to be as complete as I can be on some of the ones particularly that have begun in my time, like Bennett and Marshall, and Jack Reynolds, and John Swingle, and some of those. Then I have--of course, the firm is older than my time--a fair selection of those of the firm of John Howell that's now run by Warren Howell in San Francisco. But that's really not a collection in the positive sense; it's just an accumulation.

AXE: Well I should have brought this up before, but what about Mr. [Robert E.] Cowan? Have you been collecting his materials?

CARPENTER: I haven't collected Cowan as an individual the way I have Wagner or Harrisse or Icazbalceta or Eames. Actually I've got a fair sprinkling of Mr. Cowan's materials. I have two or three association copies, works of his that he has presented to different people, and a couple of works that were presented to him by his employer, William Andrews Clark--who, of course, was a prominent collector, too, although not really of Americana. And then [I have] some of his writings, for instance, a couple of his things that were printed by Ward Ritchie. I have those in my Ritchie imprints and things. So I've got a decent holding of Cowan, but I've not chased after the more elusive ones or tried to get everything, by any means.

AXE: I'm sure you have a marvelous collection. I can't think of any more that you could possibly have, but I'm sure you did.

CARPENTER: Well, yes, if I'd think about it, there's probably something more around the place.

SESSION: V

MAY 28, 1972

CARPENTER: When there was discussion of my giving an interview for the UCLA Oral History [Program], I think I said that there was really only one subject on which I had some knowledge not shared by anyone else which perhaps would be desirable in the archives at UCLA. That has to do with the founding of the UCLA Anthropological Society in 1936. I was the one who started it and kept it going for some little time, until I went into the service.

Since the matter was first broached, I have dug out the files I have on the subject. They are not perfectly complete, but fortunately I did keep a fairly good record of the activities of the group for the first four years or so. Of course, obviously these should be part of the UCLA Archives. I shall definitely turn them over to the UCLA Archives sooner or later. Since I do have a feeling I'd like to hang onto them a while, perhaps I might let the archives have xeroxes of some of the more important pieces and also one or two photographs.

I find I have a sheet of notes, partly in my handwriting and partly in that of Dr. Clinton N. Howard, who was in the history department at that time--I believe [he] is now emeritus. Unfortunately they are not dated, but it must have been the fall of 1936.

Before I get into the society matters, I might just say a word--although this certainly can be better told by others than me--about the beginning of instruction in anthropology at UCLA. When I entered UCLA as a junior in September of 1934, there was no instruction in anthropology. It must have been the fall of 1935, or perhaps even as late as the fall of 1936, when anthropology was offered. For some time, of course, the department consisted only of one man, Dr. Ralph L. Beals, who did a very important job in starting the instruction at the university and building up what came to be a very large and significant department. The second faculty member in the department was Dr. Harry Hoijer, who came to UCLA from the University of Chicago--a linguist, one of Edward Sapir's students. (I'll have a little occasion, I think, to refer to him as we go on.)

I might also just say, to get this out of the way before getting into the actual group, that there were several students who took the courses Dr. Beals offered and became very much interested in anthropology. I had considerable degree of interest myself, but by that time I was firmly committed. I already was majoring in two other subjects and was thoroughly committed to my work in English and more specifically history. It didn't seem suitable for me to do more than take an occasional course. But several students, not as far along as I, became very much interested and wanted to major in anthro-

pology. With only one professor, of course, it was not possible to offer a major; so several of the people who I'm going to mention--such as Bert Gerow; and Ed Schaeffer; Tamie Tsuchiyama, a Nisei girl; and Saul Reisenberg; and perhaps one or two others--actually transferred from UCLA to Berkeley to be able to major in anthropology. Some of them I know continued in that field. I understand Bert Gerow is an anthropology professor at Stanford now.

Well, as I say, the notes that I took when talking with Dr. Howard are not dated, but it must have been in the fall semester of 1936, because it was in November of '36 that the group actually organized. I don't remember now what gave me the idea. I don't remember whether Dr. Beals had mentioned this point to me before or not; it certainly came up fairly soon. That is that he was glad to have such a group, which could serve as an agency by which he could invite visiting scholars or people who were passing through the area to speak at the university--either privately or to the university public. I'm not now sure whether that was one of the purposes before the group was formed or whether that developed as the group started.

I think I may also say that it was Dr. Howard who was the midwife of the whole thing. I don't know how I happened to talk it over with him, but I did, quite extensively. For some reason or other, I don't believe he ever attended

a meeting, but he did serve to precipitate the matter and get me to go ahead with what I was talking about in a general way and actually to go ahead and do something, although, when it came down to producing something, I don't believe he actually ever attended. But he certainly is the man who precipitated my doing something about it.

I find from my notes that our first meeting was November 6, 1936. There were eight people present: four students, three faculty members, and one faculty wife. I wouldn't guess now as to the proportions, but it was true, certainly, as the organization grew a little, that it was a pretty good mixture of faculty and students. In the course of time, [it] came to have quite a few members who were off-campus people, people not connected with the university at all. In those days, it was quite acceptable for campus organizations to have outside members, and I'll mention some of them, perhaps, as we go along. Those that were present--Dr. [George M.] McBride in the geography department; Dr. [Hallock F.] Raup, also in the geography department, and Mrs. Raup (it was held at their home, incidentally); [and] Miss Annita Delano in the art department. (Although most people are inclined to pronounce the name Del^áno, I recall that she very definitely preferred the pronunciation Dél^áno.) The students were Curtis Cooper, John Quick, Joe Trainer, and me.

The second meeting, which was held a week later at

Curtis Cooper's apartment, there were the same ones, except for Dr. McBride and four more. I find a list in my handwriting--it must have been written about the time--listing the charter members, which were fourteen (after about the third or fourth meeting, we consolidated those who had been attending regularly); and in alphabetical order they are: Dr. Beals, who I see for some reason was not present at the first meeting or two, although certainly he must have been informed about this and it must have met with his approval; myself; Curtis Cooper; Annita Delano; Bert Gerow, to whom I've already made reference; Emmett Alwin Greenwalt (I give both his first names because he was sometimes called Al, which is taken from his middle name), [who] later finished a PhD under John Caughey in history and is now a professor at Cal State Los Angeles; Dr. Howard, I see, is counted as an charter member, although as I say, I don't recall that he ever attended; Elizabeth Kelsey--I must admit I don't particularly remember her--was a student, I believe; Edward Leggewie, another student; John Quick; Dr. Raup; Ed Schaeffer; Joe Trainer; and another student from history, Dent Wilcoxson. So those fourteen count as the charter members, according to the notes that I made at the time. A little bit later, I'll mention some of the others who came in soon and figured prominently in the group.

I see by my notes that at that time we were meeting

as often as once a week, because we met on November 6, 13, and 20, and December 4 and 9. Then, of course, there were some holidays. We met only once in January in 1937, twice in February, twice in March, once in April, twice in May. So we settled down to about every couple of weeks; and perhaps a little later--I haven't checked--[it] may not have been quite that frequent.

Our first half-dozen meetings had no program; [they] were devoted entirely to planning and organizing. The first program that we had was February 26, 1937, when we met at the home of Dr. Caughey [of] the history department. I suppose it was Dr. Beals who arranged this. [He] had films of the Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley archaeological expedition with which he had some connection. It was along about then, at an earlier meeting, January 8, 1937, that we adopted a constitution and bylaws, to which I'm sure we never referred again. But in order to have recognition as a campus organization, it was necessary to have such a document on file.

I don't think I'll try and go through the meetings, certainly not one by one. The first few programs after the preliminary meetings were mostly drawing on our own members--on Dr. Beals, Dr. Raup, Miss Delano, Dr. McBride, Dr. George Brainerd, who was working with the anthropology department at that time, although not as an instructor. I guess the first off-campus speaker we had was in March,

1938: Mr. Arthur Woodward of the Los Angeles County Museum.

Gradually we went outside. In November, 1938, at a meeting at my home, for instance, M.R. Harrington, the archaeologist from the Southwest Museum, spoke. In January, 1939, we had a meeting at which a man named Imandt, who had been a photographer for Vogue, showed movies that he had made in Bali, which were very good. Unfortunately, in those days it was not possible for private individuals to have sound movies; but, except for the lack of sound, they were quite good, as I remember.

In February of 1939, we had another speaker who became a very active member of the group and whom we enjoyed very much. This was Mr. Ross Montgomery. He was an architect in Los Angeles and had rather specialized in the Spanish and the mission style[s]. He had had a hand in the restoration of the Santa Barbara Mission after the earthquake in 1926, I think. Later, because of his knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture and knowing what features to expect at what points in a building, [he] was called into consultation at the Harvard excavations at Awatobi in New Mexico, where they were uncovering the seventeenth-century, I guess it was, mission church. He spoke to us on various occasions and became quite a faithful attendant.

Another speaker in the early days--I think it was April, 1938--was Bert Gerow's father, whose first name

I don't remember. He was an artist of some sort or other and gave us a very interesting talk (as a matter of fact, we later had him repeat it) on the cire perdue method of casting statuary--which, certainly, I know many of us enjoyed.

Another person who gave us a program and who also was a member--who at that time was not connected with UCLA, although he later was very much so--was Kenneth Macgowan. Someone brought Mr. and Mrs. Macgowan to one of the early meetings, and they asked if they could join, and we made them welcome. I knew very little about them, except that they were obviously people of means who lived in Bel-Air and he said that he collected masks. Eventually an arrangement was made to hold a meeting at their home at which he would show and speak about his collection of masks. In order to say something about him in introducing him, I looked him up and was very surprised to find out how important a person he was at that time in the motion pictures and what an important position he had had previously in theatrical history in the United States in his earlier connection with the Provincetown Players and with the beginnings of Theatre Arts Monthly and things of that nature. We had certainly a very fine meeting at the Macgowans, at which he gave us an excellent talk on the many magnificent masks which he had collected from all over the world.

Another speaker in the early days was Dr. Morris

Opler, who if I remember was at the Claremont Colleges at that time, an authority on the Apache. He spoke to us at least once and I think, perhaps, more often. I've already mentioned Dr. Harry Hoijer as the second member of the department at UCLA. Well, before he was a member of the department, when he was still at the University of Chicago, he paid a visit to Southern California; and, at a meeting which was held at my home, he spoke on some aspect of Navajo linguistics. I don't recall in too much detail, except I do remember very stimulating readings he gave from Navajo poetry. We did not know it at the time--Dr. Beals did, but the rest of us did not know--that the reason he was visiting here was that he was being interviewed for a job at UCLA. Soon after that, he left Chicago and came to UCLA. I don't think there's much point in talking further about the early meetings.

AXE: Were there any officers?

CARPENTER: Yes. I was just going to speak about that. I think it's quite possible that previous to this date there had been really no officers and that it had just consisted of my doing the whole thing. But I see that on May 7 of 1937, we had what was called a council meeting. (My minutes say that the council was formed at that time.) The members who were present at the meeting--and, I take it, were the initial members of the council--were Dr. Beals, Dr. Raup, Miss Delano, Edward Leggewie, Bert Gerow,

Ed Schaeffer, John Quick, and me. And I see that at a meeting of the council on May 28, we had an election at which I became president. Dr. Beals was the faculty vice-president; the student vice-president was one whom I haven't mentioned before, not in from the very beginning apparently, Jack Anderson. Bert Gerow was the secretary, and Curtis Cooper was the treasurer. I have minutes for a few meetings of the council, but I don't know just how long that functioned. Of course, obviously, this was not a very large and important group, and it was pretty much run by me doing all the dirty work, frankly, doing all the labor.

AXE: Did you arrange the programs?

CARPENTER: Yes, I arranged the programs. Often Dr. Beals would suggest them. In other words, he would say to me that there's a possibility of getting so-and-so, or so-and-so's going to be in town, or something like that. Actually, in the first year or two, we didn't have as many speakers from outside as we did later.

There was one other little feature that I want to mention, too, and that is we fell into the habit of having fairly frequent dinners. I won't say dinner meetings, because usually there was no program with them. They were just a dinner to get together for enjoyment. The first one of which I have any record was June 7, 1937, when about eighteen of us had dinner at the Dragon's Den,

a Chinese restaurant at the corner of Los Angeles and Marchessault Streets--of course, long since gone in the relandscaping of the plaza area. Although I have a list of those that were there, I won't mention them particularly. I might say as a point of historic interest that the dinner cost us sixty cents a head. Later, on more than one occasion--for instance June 15, 1937--we had a Japanese dinner which Tamie Tsuchiyama prepared for us herself at the Beals's home. We did this on more than one occasion and always enjoyed those very much. There was a period in there, in '37-'38, when we had fairly frequent dinners. I remember we went to an Italian restaurant on La Brea named Tarino's two or three times, and we also went, certainly more than once, to a Mexican restaurant, I believe it was on Washington, named Tepeyac.

AXE: These dinners were very well attended, weren't they?

CARPENTER: Yes, they were. They were pleasant, and we had good dinners; that is, the meals were good, and it was nice company. I suppose in those days there weren't so many demands on one's time. There wasn't the TV to watch. And, of course, these were still somewhat Depression days, times when people weren't spending as much on entertainment; so to go out to a moderately priced dinner like this once in a while was rather a pleasure.

I want to make reference to some of the people who came in not right at the first, but who were quite active

in the group during the time that I was active in it myself. I've already mentioned Kenneth Macgowan and his wife, who were charming people and whom we enjoyed very much, and also Ross Montgomery and his wife. Another one who was in fairly early was Dr. Sarah Atsatt from the faculty. She was a herpetologist; I guess her department was probably zoology. [She was] a charming woman. We met several times at her apartment, which was near the campus. Another faculty member was Martin Huberty (and his wife, also); he taught agriculture. We had a couple of interesting programs at his home that I recall.

Among students, there was one named Roger Nedry, who now teaches, I believe, anthropology at Rio Hondo College. [There was] a man, who I'm quite sure was a student though he was quite a little older than the rest of us, of Hispanic background. Although he was not a Filipino, he may have come from the Philippine Islands; I'm not sure. But his name was Santiago A. Santiago, and [he] seemed very interested, a very nice person. I remember on at least one occasion, when it seemed particularly appropriate, we met at the adobe which Mark Harrington and his wife had restored in San Fernando. Santiago's son came along and played guitar for us. This was in the days before every young person played a guitar. It was not common, as it is now, to have young guitarists

around, and we certainly had a very enjoyable evening that evening.

I realize that in speaking of each person I've said they were nice, and speaking of each occasion I've said that it was enjoyable; but I think that that is true. It was a nice group of individuals; practically every one was a person pleasant to associate with; and many of them [were] knowledgeable in different fields of anthropology or closely related to it. And most of the occasions we had were very good, too.

I might say that on one of the visits--there were two, at least--to the Harrington adobe, the member who was supposed to bring the Mexican refreshments, pan dulce and hot chocolate, failed to show up; so we had to get along without refreshments. That was probably the only serious blemish in our records of meetings.

I think perhaps that's about all that I have to say on the group. I see by my files that I dug up that the meetings went on at least until May of 1941. The meeting on that occasion was held at Dr. Atsatt's home, and Arthur Woodward of the Los Angeles Museum spoke on pottery techniques of Mexico. It was a couple of months after that that I went into the service, and that was the end of my association with the group.

I came back to UCLA in fall of 1946, full time in '47; and I think I occasionally attended a meeting after

that. But by that time, of course, the department had grown to many other people, and the students were different, and I had no particular part in the conduct of the organization after the Second World War. As a matter of fact-- I should have checked up, but I didn't--I'm not even sure whether it still is in existence or not. It was, I know, in about 1947 or so, but whether it still is or not I don't know. [tape recorder stopped]

We cut off at that point, but I come back on for a moment to say that Mrs. Axe asked me about the nature of the meeting notices, whether they were printed and so forth. The first few, I'm sure, were probably only word of mouth, because [with] that small number of persons, all of whom I saw practically every day at the university, it was easy enough to speak personally or perhaps leave a note in the mailbox for them or something like that. Then I must have gotten to using handwritten postcards. But before very long, I see from the files here, I was using mimeographed postcards; so for most of the time after we were well organized and under way, the notice was in the form of a mimeographed postcard.

I thought of two further points that I wanted to make, one of which is rather important, at least in relation to the group and its activities on the campus. As I have indicated, the meetings were usually held at members' homes or occasionally at a museum or something like that in

another part of the city. But on occasions when there was a possibility of a speaker from some other part of the country, we often arranged [campus] daytime meetings. Most of the meetings were evenings, but we would arrange a daytime meeting in a room on the university campus and try to have announcements put in the Bruin--and even, in some cases, on general bulletin boards--and invite the whole university audience, as it were. We did have some meetings at which there were outside speakers which were quite well attended.

Probably from the point of view of the university as a whole, the most significant thing that we did [was] from October 17 to 29, 1938, [when] we mounted in the fine arts gallery in the education building--at the time the art department was in the education building--an exhibit of Pueblo Indian culture. [This exhibit] included pottery and stonework and jewelry and rugs and also pictures of pottery which were plates from a portfolio of Kenneth Chapman. [It was made up] mostly from loans, I think, from members. I remember that Annita Delano borrowed several of the nice rugs for us from the collection of Dr. Dorothea Moore. She was the wife of Ernest Carroll Moore, the university provost, but [she] had been previously a wife of Charles F. Lummis and, through that connection, had many fine Southwest Indian things.

That exhibit was, I believe, very well attended. Some of the art faculty [made] class assignments of doing something with a Pueblo design or something like that. Fortunately I have quite a few pictures that were taken then which I will deposit in the University Archives sooner or later. That exhibit in October of 1938 was probably the most tangible thing that the Anthropological Society did for the university as a whole. [tape recorder turned off]

In addition to the photograph in my file, I find a poster which was printed by the university press and posted all over the campus for the exhibition. I also find clippings. Of course, it's not surprising that it was reviewed in the Daily Bruin, the campus paper, but I see here that there is more than half-a-column review in the Los Angeles Times by Arthur Millier.

AXE: Under what date?

CARPENTER: Let's see, that's the Times; the date of the paper is October 23, 1938. So as I say, I think that was a worthwhile project and one which perhaps left a small impact in the university community.

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